

THE attempt to introduce divorce in Italy has met with a rude shock. The bill that provided for a legal way of getting rid of an uncongenial, worthless or tarnished life partner has met with overwhelming defeat in the land of anarchists and triple-expansion crowns. The fight for divorce was really a fight for supremacy between the church and the laicists, and the Church, as might have been expected, won. It is wonderful how, in a country like Italy, where real morality is about as rare as genius, prejudice posing as righteousness can carry all before it when it comes to a straight vote. Persons professing to have a knowledge of Italian sentiment and politics have endeavored to explain the Clerical party's walk-over as a matter almost entirely removed from partyism or religion. A very large proportion of "virtuous" Italians were scandalized by the proposal to permit divorce, not on religious grounds at all, but because such a proposal was offensive to their taste and sense of propriety. This may be very true. It is always the super-virtuous who try to suppress any real and healthy freedom of their existence. They may be the same people who knock up the biggest racket over the little imperfections of life. Show them a case where half a dozen vices have resulted from a continuance of the marriage tie after all conditions on which it is based have ceased to

Along, there is an urgent need of preserving the traditional womanhood—the gentleness of speech and manner, the propriety of behavior and all the other graces whose loss we mourn in the New Woman. Is there any better way of doing this than by having the right kind of women to train our girls? The speaker whom you quote says that "our boys should be trained by those whom they are to imitate." And you say that his remarks are worthy of great publicity. Do they not suggest to you another remark, equally deserving of great publicity, viz., "Our girls should be trained by those whom they are to imitate?"

The speaker at the Empire Club made a strong appeal for more male teachers. They are not needed. There are men enough on the Public school staff to teach all the senior boys. All the other pupils are surely far better in the hands of women. The evident solution of the problem is segregation of sexes in the senior classes. This measure is barbaric, out-of-date, and all that, but the question remains, Are the benefits to be derived from co-education sufficient to compensate for the rank injustice which one sex or the other must suffer under the present system? And if so, which sex should suffer? Should not the majority in the class determine the sex of the teacher?

I am sure, Mr. Editor, that numbers of your readers are interested in this matter and would second my request to have your opinion concerning it.

With part of that letter I heartily agree. The inevitable conclusion to be drawn from the argument that children should be educated by those whom they are to imitate is that segregation of the sexes is the only way in which such an ideal could be attained. But only in very large schools would such a thing be practicable. The chances are that women are really more competent to teach girls than men can be; but men are far more competent to teach girls than women are to teach boys. I don't see that the size of the boy has much to do with it. When a boy is big enough to go to Public school he is big enough to come under a man's influence. I doubt very much that girls "suffer" in either manners or education by receiving their instruction from men, whereas boys undoubtedly do when brought up almost entirely by women. It is not with the school-girls that weakly-enforced discipline leads to rowdiness—girls don't tend that way—it is the boys that need a firm hand. Besides, girls have at least as great a respect for men as they have for women, but the average boy has a sort of Oriental contempt for anything feminine. Petticoat rule he regards as a humiliation—and so long as boys are born with that spirit the woman teacher will be unable to develop his character along proper lines. When both sexes are educated together, and by women, the lack of respect among the boys rapidly spreads to the girls, whereas the girls alone would be quite amenable to a woman's discipline. In the past the great majority of teachers were men, and the girls turned out all right; now the great majority are women—there are many women teachers even in our Collegiate Institutes—and the "New Woman" is abroad. Is there any relation? Perhaps not; but the fact that the women of the past compare so favorably with the women of to-day clears the male teacher of the charge of incompetency in educating girls.



Fascinating is the proper word to apply to the Geisha tea-garden and evening concert which were on in McConkey's ball-room on Thursday afternoon and evening. The visitors were met at the elevator by a pair of these charming Geisha girls in their pretty kimonos and obis and with flowers in their hair, "a la japonaise," who sold the most lovely crepe paper programmes with orchid and fern borders. The ball-room was tented over the center with red, in a huge canopy, and over the balcony long strands of wistaria hung in garlands, while in the center of the floor a pair of Japanese flags were crossed. The audience faced a brilliant little stage on which Geishas sang and smiled, and where their charms were set off by the appearance of two more men on the programme, Mr. Cowan and Mr. Morgan Jellott. The concert in the evening was even prettier than in the afternoon. The transformation of the ball-room was a wonder to those who do not realize the resource and taste of Mrs. Osborne and the generosity of Mr. Goulding, who lent great store of pretty things to deck the fete. Tea was served at five o'clock to the audience. Some of the Geishas who looked remarkably well were, facile princeps, Mrs. Osborne in a cream white satin kimono, elaborately embroidered and obi'd; Miss Mary Davidson, in cream and pink, with pink mums; Miss Florence Sprague, very handsomely kimonoed and with deep red flowers; Miss Marjory Mowat, with the primmest little golden brown mums at her ears; Miss Daisy Boulton in a flowered kimono, scarlet obi, and scarlet flowers; Miss Essey Case and Miss Gertrude Tate were fascinating Geishas. Two Occidental girls were telling fortunes, and "Sister Bath" in Jap costume with a big parasol brought down the house. The audience was ultra smart and the whole affair the prettiest yet seen in Toronto of its kind. Perhaps the interest everywhere taken in affairs Japanese these days added yet more to the success of this fete, which at time of writing was in full swing.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Cameron have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Ruth Helen, and Mr. Melville Bertram, which will take place on April 7th at half-past two in Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, to be followed by reception at the home of the bride's parents in Markham street.

Miss May Harston, who has spent the half year with her uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Greville-Harston, is returning home next month, and her friends here will greatly regret that she is obliged to do so. Miss Harston is the sort of English girl who makes friends and enjoys life in any clime, and her Toronto visit has endeared her to some Torontonians who will miss her bright and charming presence.

Mrs. Anderson's visit to Mrs. Holland in Rosedale has been the raison d'être of several pleasant little festivities, her hostess gave a very jolly impromptu tea for her one afternoon lately. Mrs. Anderson returns to Winnipeg to-day, I am told.

The 48th Highlanders should send a round robin to Captain Gardiner, a wealthy young officer who is now spending some time in Ottawa, to come down to Toronto and bring his bagpipes. I hear he arrived at a friend's home at the Capital one night lately, by special request wearing kilts, and bearing the wily pipes, which he played marching all over the house, to the wild delight of a select coterie. Even killdeer and pipeless, in ordinary gear, Captain Gardiner seemed to me "uncle good company."

"Town Topics," date of St. Patrick's Day, says: "But two more of the conferences of Madame Marie Petite's pleasant series remain, and for these the dates have been transposed; that of to-morrow, which was to have been at Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood's, No. 49 East Thirty-fourth street, therefore, will be at Mrs. George Thibaud Maxwell's, No. 14 East Seventy-seventh street, and Mrs. Bloodgood will have the following one a week later. Otherwise the programme as arranged, stands. These conferences are among the pleasantest of the many Lenten entertainments of their kind, dominated, as they are, by a charming Parisienne, whose perfect accent is a joy even to tongues and ears not wholly attuned to the old rule, 'Lange de Tours, accent de Paris.'" As I mentioned last week, Madame Marie Petite may come to Toronto for an evening, under the auspices of distinguished patrons. The commendation of the connoisseur above quoted stamps her as well worth hearing. I believe some things are being taken towards a soiree française in the King Edward, at which the charming Frenchwoman would preside.

One of the pleasant progressives of a dull week was given by Mrs. H. Mulholland in honor of her guest, Mrs. Mackenzie H. Haldimand of Montreal. The guests included Mrs. M. M. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Rae, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Merrick, Gook, Mrs. F. S. Northey, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Curran, Sloan, Miss Ruby Newcome, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Lovell, Miss Miss A. L. Mathew.

Viola Adams, Mrs. Sproule Smith, Mr. Lae, Professor Grant, Dr. Snell, Mr. D. Maclean, Mr. James Walker and Mr. Barclay. Mrs. Northey, Miss Adams, Mr. Smith and Mr. Maclean won the prizes.

The utmost capacity of the Strolling Players' clubroom was taxed on Tuesday afternoon, when on invitation of Mr. Archie Sullivan and Mr. Lou Conrad, their friends foregathered at half-past four to hear their clever little programme and take tea. Mr. Sullivan gave a most excellent imitation of Mrs. Leslie Carter as Du Barry, in the scene where she denounces her lover to the king. Mr. Conrad sang several pretty songs, and Mr. Sullivan gave a sketch of "a little boy and girl I have met in stageland," the audience recognizing the fidelity of the reproduction of two of Shea's most amusing artists. Mr. Conrad's imitation of Sir Henry Irving was greeted with much applause. Miss Sullivan poured tea for the guests of her brother and Mr. Conrad, and several girl friends assisted her. The other habitués of the club were not debarred from their usual rendezvous, as it was an "open afternoon," and they dropped in and took tea as usual. Those invited by the young men were: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mrs. and Miss Mildred Stewart, Miss Christie, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Warrington, Mr. Cyril Ham, Mr. Combs, Mr. Bob Sweeney, Mrs. Dobie, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Mrs. Alton H. Garratt, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Arthurs, Miss Sybil Seymour, Miss DeVine, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Miss Proctor, Miss Murray, Miss Rita Murray, Mrs. Lowther, Mrs. Carr, Miss George, Miss Macdonald, Miss Dinick, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Miss Edith Miller, Miss Florence Sprague, Miss Birchall, Mrs. Tate, Miss Tate, Miss Fair, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Bickford, Miss Milligan, Miss Sweetman, Mr. G. Dinick, Mr. C. Johns, Mr. A. J. Hughes, Miss Wallace, Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Chadwick, Miss Andrass, Miss W. Andrass, Mrs. Conrad, Miss Conrad, Miss Kitchen, Miss Millicham, Miss Mockridge, Mrs. Allan Case, Miss Case, Mr. L. Goldman, Mrs. Goldman, Miss Goldman, Mrs. Burritt, Miss MacTavish, Miss Thorburn, Miss Sullivan, Miss N. Sullivan, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Ross, Mr. W. Y. Archibald, Colonel Stinson, Mr. Lang, Mr. Darby, Dr. Dinick, Mr. Houston, Mr. R. S. Piggott, Mrs. Wright, Miss Wright, Miss E. Wright, Miss Edith Wright, Miss Lamport, Miss Vickers, Miss Winch, Miss Burnside, Miss Jones, Mr. W. Dinick, Mr. Claude Pote, Mr. Pepler, Miss Homer Dixon, Mrs. Cecil Gibson. Miss Stewart sang most charmingly, and so did Miss Kerr, their rich voices being greatly appreciated. The studio was decorated with jonquils and white tulips, and a very quaint and pretty poster picture enjoining quiet while music is going on was hung over the piano. I believe it is the work of Miss Beatrice Sullivan, and is very cleverly done. The tea-table, with handsome silver appointments, was set in the south-east corner of the room opposite the club's tea pagoda. The Strolling Players had the honor of entertaining Madame Nordica one afternoon and I heard the Diva saying how charmed she was with her visit to the pretty place. Another rather distinguished visitor mingled unrecognized with the crowd on Tuesday, but I am not allowed to name him. I hear that the Players are already on the lookout for more commodious quarters, their room being quite inadequate to receive all who wish to make it their most popular rendezvous. This must be a pleasant result to Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Bickford of their devotion and tact.

The visit of Mrs. Frank May of Montreal to her sister, Mrs. MacCulloch, has been the raison d'être of many charming little hospitalities. Mrs. Walter Barwick and Mrs. Charles Kingsmill have given luncheons for her, and Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn and Mrs. MacCulloch gave dinners, the latter a ladies' dinner, in her honor.

On Monday evening at Association Hall, a free lecture by Mr. Arthur L. Cochrane, representative of the Life Saving Society (which society has for chief patron, King Edward VII.), will be an event interesting to many of all classes. Society is waking up to an interest in the nautical art, in which several of our most graceful and beautiful women are proficient, and are, I believe, and hope, going to achieve success in their project for establishing fifty swimming baths, a civilization very badly needed in Toronto. Monday's lecture is to be illustrated by lantern slides and will be a very useful subject for consideration in the quiet hours of a quiet week.

The young gentlemen of St. James' Cathedral congregation are giving a daffodil luncheon on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of April, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in Easter week, in St. James' schoolhouse. These young hostesses always secure a nice patronage, and their luncheons richly deserve it. Everything is done in the most dainty and refined manner, and the details are quite charming.

Mrs. Charles Selwyn, formerly Mabel Lee, and her small daughter, have arrived safely in India and rejoined Major Selwyn. Mrs. W. S. Lee is in England still, but will, I believe, return to Toronto in June.

Mrs. Charles McInnes gave a "by-by" tea to Miss Amy Boulton Tuesday, at which many of her friends bid Miss Boulton "bon voyage" to Regina, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Gilpin Brown, at the N. W. M. Police post. Some of the guests were Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Colonel T. B. Evans of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Captain Des Veaux, Captain and Mrs. Kingsmill, Miss Estelle Holland, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mrs. and Miss Jones of Ottawa, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Gwyn Francis, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Howard, Miss Daisy Patterson, and Captain Thirt Burnside.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson went down to Montreal for the Canadian Society of Artists Exhibition, and returned to Toronto on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, Miss Vickers, Mr. Edmund Morris, Mr. Wyly Grier and other artists returned to town early this week. I heard a cultured Englishman saying some very nice things about Mr. Dickson Patterson's picture, "My Mother, in a Garden Hat," and also express great admiration of the "whole wall" devoted to the works of that ideal couple, Mr. and Mrs. George Reid.

Mrs. Charlton's reception in the Speaker's Chambers on Tuesday afternoon was attended by a great many callers, the rooms being quite full about half-past five. There was a very smart buffet in the dining-room done in white and pink roses and pink silk, and waited upon by Miss Alice Hunter, Miss Grace Wells, Miss Clara Biggar, Miss Ada Ross of Tilsonburg, and Miss Elsie Charlton. The Speaker came in about half-past five and gave new courage to Dr. Kennedy, Mr. Marter, and one other brave man who preceded him and were accompanied by company-gown ladies in a majority of twenty to one. Miss Charlton received with Mrs. Charlton and both gave cordial welcome to a great many friends.

The Chancellor and Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House are spending some time in Asheville, North Carolina.

Mrs. James Carruthers, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewell, of Toronto; Mrs. D. Graham, Mrs. Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Evans, Mrs. Flatt, of Hamilton; Mrs. J. J. Finerty, Mr. Mathews of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, of Painesville, Ohio, are among those recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Sewell of Belleville is visiting the Misses Dupont in Madison avenue.

Miss Charlton, a bright young girl from Tonawanda, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Charlton, wife of the Speaker, and assisted in the tea-room at the reception last Tuesday.

Mrs. Louis Jones of Ottawa, Miss Ethel Jones are visiting their relative, Mrs. T. C. Patterson, in Dowling avenue, Parkdale.

Miss Ida Kortwright of Barrie is the guest of Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston of Spadina road.

Mrs. Robert A. Smith of Huron street has been quite seriously ill since her return from New York, and is only able yet to be up for a short while.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham went some time ago into their new residence in Rosedale, the former home of Mr. Darling, to which they have added a good deal. Mr. W. Gooderham of Trinity street will also move to Rosedale next fall on the completion of his fine new house in North Sherbourne street. Mr. Scott Waldie's new house in the crescent off Dale avenue is being completed and will be a charming home.

Mrs. Grasset, president of the Young Women's Auxiliary, which directs the daffodil luncheon in Easter week, will be assisted by the Misses Nordheimer of Glenlyth, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Erie Temple, Miss Sophy Hagarty, Miss

Gertrude Brock, the Misses (Adam) Wright, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Gertrude Tate, the Misses Smith, Miss Norah Sullivan, Miss Annis Kingsmill, Miss Janie Wallbridge, Miss Todd, Miss Rutherford, Miss Aileen Gooderham, Mrs. Payne, and Mrs. Driffield. The luncheon is to be served from twelve to two o'clock each day.

Mrs. Reginald Starr (nee Hardy), received on Friday (18th) with her mother at her home in Spadina avenue. The bride was bidden a regretful adieu by many affectionate friends, as she left for her home in New York a few days ago. She was very sweet and looked very happy in a pale blue blouse and black net and silk skirt. We are sorry to lose her.

Mr. Frank Jones has just brought out a very beautiful little setting of a verse of the forty-third Psalm, "Send Out Thy Light," which has considerable possibilities in the hands of an able soprano or tenor. The reiteration of the prayer is well managed, and the accompaniment and melody are simple and sweet. Whaley, Royce & Company have the new music, which will be popular as a short solo in church choirs for its devotional and sincere tone.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Aylesworth went down to the Capital for a stay of about a fortnight early last week and were at the Russell. As Mrs. Aylesworth is still in mourning they spent a quiet visit. In giving a list of some of the pretty out-of-town visitors at the festivities in Ottawa, the name of Miss Stella Proctor of Brighton was omitted, and as she impressed me as quite charming, I don't feel like leaving her unrecorded, even at this late hour. Miss Proctor spends most of her time with her sister, Mrs. W. B. Northrup of Belleville, where she is very popular.

Mrs. Denison will receive at Stanley Barracks on the second and fourth Thursdays. She was welcomed to Toronto by a huge lot of callers last week, and last Thursday, who were equally pleased to see her and to note the great improvement in the colonel's quarters, which, though always cosy and a dearly-loved rendezvous, were just a bit in want of doing over. They have been made to look as pretty and bright as can be, with plenty of white and delicate tints in paint and paper. The colonel's own sanctum with a splendid sweep of lawn and lake is a charming room, and visitors were conducted there for a cup of tea on Thursday. Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa poured tea, and in the drawing-room Miss Maude Denison received with her mother in a girlish gown of white silk.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Brock and Miss Grace Cawthra are still in the south of England. Mrs. Campbell Renton is with them. Major Brock left for England and will join his wife and her people there.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie are at Old Point Comfort. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn is still there with Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick, who, I hear, is deriving some benefit from the sea air.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Miss Cawthra, and Mr. Jack Cawthra are in southern Europe. Mr. Cawthra has quite recovered from the effects of his accident. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bickford are still touring in the Riviera. Some of their friends are wondering whether the wanderers from these different families will have the heart to stay away from us much longer. Half Toronto is on the "gad" just now, but April's waning generally brings them home.

Among the soon to be celebrated weddings will be that of Miss Justina Harrison, daughter of the late Chief Justice, and Mr. Calderwood of Collingwood. Miss Harrison has been for some time in Germany. I heard that her marriage would take place in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Sutton's marriage to Captain Staunton of the Royal Scotch Fusiliers takes place after Easter. Mrs. Sutton is the widow of Captain Frank Clifford Sutton, and daughter of Mr. Justice Routhier of St. Louis road, Quebec. During the time her husband was stationed in Toronto, she was one of the most charming of hostesses, and her petite menage in Wellington place was one of the most popular rendezvous of a smart little coterie, who all wish her the happiness she so well deserves.

Mrs. Lorne Campbell is recovering from a very severe illness, which caused many anxious thoughts of her to torment her good friends. Everyone is hoping to hear soon that she is quite restored, and all are glad of her convalescence.

Miss Harriet Leverich is visiting friends in New York. Mrs. Claude Fox is at Preston Springs. Mrs. Belton (nee Ross) of London is visiting the Premier in Elmsley place.

Miss Mary Fitzpatrick is visiting Mrs. Magann. The marriage of Miss Corinne Fitzpatrick will be one of the spring weddings, when Mrs. Magann will pay a visit to the Capital. Miss Geraldine Chapleau and Miss Muriel Church are, I hear, to pay a visit in Toronto.

I believe, in spite of the newspaper report, that Mrs. Goldwin Smith did not visit Montreal.

Colonel Evans came on from Ottawa for a short visit in Toronto, and leaves to-day for Winnipeg.

Mrs. Hood of Spadina avenue has returned from a delightful visit to Mrs. Lyons Biggar in Ottawa.

Miss Houston of Niagara Falls is to spend the summer in England and Ireland.

Ads and Literature.

THE peppery old gentleman picked up the latest number of "The Soarer," with a cover-page as gorgeous as an Indian blanket. He was something of a back number and not on to the hit-or-miss style of make-up, that chops the reading matter into short sections and drops them in between the ads, condescending to inform the reader, by an agate line, that the article so abruptly snuffed off by a picture of a Mellin's Food baby, or of a woman trying on a Mrs. Stiggs's Czarina Corset, is "Continued on page 649."

The peppery old gentleman's eyesight was none too sharp, and he had just begun to get interested in the article entitled "Why City People Go to the Country," when it came to a sudden standstill up against an "Anglefoot Shoe" ad. Skipping the ad, and turning expectantly to the next page, his understanding was jarred by the irrelevant opening sentence, "I welcome the task of answering the question, 'Why do the Jews Succeed?'"

"Plague take the Jews!" muttered the peppery old gentleman, rubbing his glasses; "I want to know first why city people go to the country. The editor must think I am making a mental crazy-quilt."

But he skimmed along over Zangwill's explanation of the success of the Jews, until he became interested in the Jews, and didn't wish them any more serious than the Bible tells them to be. Just then the felt mattress ad, stepped in front of him, and again he failed to note the line of fine type referring him to "page 785," and he made a transition about as jolly as this: "The other great crafts of the Ghetto are tailoring, boot-making, cigar-making, and working in furs, all of which"—"At the gateway of the historic Mohawk Valley—"

"The furies they do!" exclaimed the peppery old gentleman. "And what in the Six Nations are the Jews doing 'at the gateway of the historic Mohawk Valley'?" Then his eye caught the "Continued on page 956" line, and he laughed a foolish little laugh, rubbed his glasses, and concluded to slip through "the gateway of the historic Mohawk Valley" and browse there a bit. It was a short bit until he ran smack against the picture of Beeman, the chewing gum man, and when he tacked and scudded past it to the top of the next column he began, "Nothing in the studio of Charles Dana Gibson suggests that it is a studio—"

"Charles Dana Gibson be razzle-dazzled," growled the peppery old gentleman, savagely, "and his studio be flabbergasted. Does he think that he is the back gate of the historic Mohawk Valley, and that I am going to be shut out in that way?—I'll fix Charles Dana Gibson. I'll teach him to keep his studio out of the 'historic Mohawk Valley,' and the Mohawk Valley to keep out of the Ghetto, and the Ghetto out of the way of city people who start to go to the country."

He took a piece of carpenter's red chalk from his pocket, and began to draw as if his life depended upon it. He drew heavy lines from each point at which city people going to the country had been waylaid by Mellin's Food babies, and Czarina Corsets, and Anglefoot shoes, and felt mattresses, and Beeman, to each point where city people are expected to pick themselves up and proceed on their way to the country. At all of these cross-roads he drew large index-finger guide-boards, and with his fountain pen printed within these such directions to the wayfaring man as: "This way to the country. Beware of the Ghetto;" "Straight ahead for the country. Steer clear of Mohawk Valley!" "Public highway to the country. Shoot Charles Dana Gibson."

"There!" he sighed with intense satisfaction, as he finished his task, "now no one else in this house will get lost in that Ghetto-Mellin Food-Mohawk Valley-Quaker Oats-Gibson-Czarina Corset maze. The editor must think that he is paid to run a Midway instead of a literary magazine, and that his business is to lose people in a labyrinth."—John F. Cowan in "The Critic."

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There seems no last word left to say about the triumph of Madame Nordica last week, and never has a single artist delighted an audience more completely for an entire evening. Owing to the delay in getting to the concert, on account of a playful tie-up of the street cars just when the world and his wife and family were aboard, the audience continued to arrive until nine o'clock and the vision of mature beauty which we call "Nordica" did not delight the eyes of the patient early birds until eight-forty-five, when she appeared a thing of beauty and a joy forever in a soft lustrous robe of turquoise satin with a flight of swallows encircling thereon in jeweled sequins. The consummate art of Nordica's dressmaker and the admirable carriage of that queenly woman made the gown a delight, and the fair wearer had the hearts of the mass of people, before she completely vanquished their soul with her beautiful singing. There were Germans from their usual quietude to applaud mildly some heart song in their own tongue, and Scotch old and young, whose eyes swam in tears at the consummate feeling and pathos and tone of a well-worn folksong of the Heather-clad Highlands, and when Brunhilde cried out her wondrous call, the nations, whatever they were, acknowledged in a storm of applause that they'd heard nothing like it in Massey Hall since Nordica sang it here last. Once, I forget after what particular tour de force, our undemonstrative Torontonians found even clapping insufficient to meet the case, and actually called out, mind you! It was good to the ear, that roar of bravos and encores; the air vibrated to the shock, and no doubt the sparrows or the roof fancied it was a political meeting. Very few but Nordica could make our demure, prim, Toronto concert-goers shout in delight like a parcel of French enthusiasts. At her dainty blue satin shod feet we lay that tribute of vocalism, which means more than tons of trophies from the florist. She sang, two encores, "The Rosary," which was well-let it go at that—and "At Parting," when she carried a couple of magnificent roses, and as she sang "Ah, Me, it is My Heart!" she plucked from the queen flower two of its curled leaves and they fell at her feet, a little touch which, if involuntary, was most exquisitely apropos! As I heard a man say as he trudged home, "A perfect woman, nobly planned! Old Wordsworth should have seen our Nordica."

The marriage has been arranged to take place quietly at Victoria, British Columbia, on April 30th, of Miss Laura Amy Marcon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Herbert Marcon of Victoria, and Mr. Alfred Good Pattullo Fletcher of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Graham and Miss Graham left on Monday for New York and the Southern States, where they will spend some time.

A proofreader's oversight saw to it that eligible but incorrigible bachelor, Mr. A. H. O'Brien of Ottawa, a better half, last week. I got a shock myself on reading the paragraph, when it was too late to correct it. Mr. O'Brien returned recently from Europe, but, it still the courtly bachelor who is so polite to his Toronto friends and former fellow-citizens when they visit the capital.

One of the most admired at the skating carnival in Ottawa last week was Miss Horatio Seymour, a cousin of his Excellency, who has been at Rideau Hall since a visit since Christmas. She was one of the "Hungarian Court," in a rich blue velvet costume.

The next concert to be given by the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society will take place in the Massey Music Hall on the evening of Tuesday, April 26, commencing at 8.15 o'clock, under the distinguished patronage of his Excellency, the Right Honourable the Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada, and the Countess of Minto, his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, and the other patrons and patronesses of the society. The committee of management relies on each member to take a personal interest in securing as many subscribers as possible, so that the concert may be a success in every respect.

Mrs. Andrew L. McCulloch of Nelson, B.C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Neil H. Wilson, of Macpherson avenue.

During her stay in town Madame Nordica put up at the Queen's. In spite of the shocking weather on Saturday she was about town doing some shopping with her friend, Mrs. Victor Caythra, and looking as radiant as if singing songs by the dozen was child's play to her.

The marriage of Miss Edith Mabel Stephens, daughter of Mr. J. B. Stephens, Niagara Falls, and Mr. Stewart Percival McMordie took place on March 16, in Morrison street Methodist Church, Rev. J. Walker Stutton, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Colling, officiating. Long before the appointed hour, eight o'clock, the edifice was crowded to the doors by a goodly company of relatives and friends. The altar was artistically decorated with palms and beautiful flowering plants, electric lights nestling among the decorations presented an exceedingly bright appearance. At 7.45 the choir of forty voices formed in two columns in the schoolroom and proceeded up the two middle aisles of the church to the choir loft, and there awaited the arrival of the bridal party. The young ladies of the choir were all dressed in white gowns, and wore wreaths of flowers in their hair. The bride was dressed in mousseline de soie over taffeta, with panel and yoke of heavy silk Battenburg and chiffon ruching. She carried a handsome bouquet of American beauties, roses and maiden-hair fern, the bridal veil was caught on the left shoulder with orchids. Miss Mary E. McMordie, sister of the groom, led the way, followed by the little page, Master Wilfrid Stephens. Then came the bride, on the arm of her father, the ushers, Messrs. T. F. Battle, E. J. Barker, J. H. Jackson and D. B. White following. Dr. Archibald J. Dixon of New York was best man. The bridegroom's costume was of cream voile de soie over white taffeta, with yoke and half sleeves of chiffon, handsomely embroidered with rosebuds of cream. She wore a large picture hat of white tulle, with plumes caught on the side with two tiny interlaced wreaths of dainty French pink roses, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Master Wilfrid Stephens, the page, wore a Little Lord

Fauntleroy suit, with a collar of white satin and rich lace cuffs, white stockings and dainty slippers. He carried a very pretty basket of pink roses. The groom's present to the bride was a gold watch set with diamonds and pearls and diamond studded pin of artistic design; the bridesmaid was the recipient of a pearl and turquoise pin, and the groomsmen, page and ushers were each presented with a gold coil pin, set with a handsome single pearl. After the ceremony the bridal couple held a brief reception at the home of the bride's parents, Clifton avenue, where the congratulations of the company were offered. Mr. and Mrs. McMordie, father and mother of the groom, of Kippen, and Mrs. Patterson, cousin of the bride, of Toronto, were present. The bridal going-away gown was of brown cheviot, vest of heavy cream silk, with narrow gold braid trimmings. Her hat was a brown straw toque, with brown leather strap trimming. The bridal trip was to New York.

The orange tree is budding for a sweet little lady in St. George street, and in the month of roses Miss Mary Davidson is to wed Captain Harold Bickford, who is to come back on leave from India to carry off one of the most lovable girls who ever brightened a home.

WELCOME EASTER

The mere thoughts of Easter bring visions of better, brighter days. The thoughts of Easter giving bring thoughts of Easter buying. Every year something new and novel—it must be new if it is for Easter.

From the dying Winter to the new-born Spring—its fitting that this should find its expression in gift-giving—goodwill to men.

The keynote of these days, therefore, is gladness. We are glad that we are able to show you a most choice and carefully selected stock of "Festival" novelties.

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THE WOMAN ON THE DERELICT

BY GUY BOOTHBY

CHAPTER X.

I cannot say that I passed a pleasant night after my visit to Hampton Court. That there was something going on which I did not understand I felt sure, and the fact that I could not do so worried me beyond measure. I tossed and tossed in my bed hour after hour, vainly trying to discover a reason for it all. One thing, however, was quite certain, and that was that, until my mind was set at rest, I would not be able to sleep. I was not alone, however, desirous of help. Before I went any further I wanted to know what the connection was between myself and the little wretch who had followed me that evening. The excuse he had given me for rowing him struck me as ridiculous in the extreme and only added to my suspicions. Was it possible that this mysterious business could have anything to do with the crime that had been perpetrated on the bridge? But I put this notion from me as absurd. In the first place it was not likely that a gentlemanly man like Armistage would be concerned in such a dastardly act, and if he had, how could he possibly have known that I had any knowledge of the affair at all? Again another argument. The proofs had been so carefully disguised, the identity of the vessel so carefully concealed, that he must have known that he could laugh the idea of detection to scorn. But in that case, and hence the old argument came up again, what possible reason could he have for putting his man on to shadow me? At last, being quite unable to make head nor tail of it, I gave up the matter, and devoted myself to thinking over my journey to Florence, whither I intended to proceed by the early train on the following morning. That I was running the risk of imperilling my own happiness by proceeding in search of the mysterious Bartolomeo Canti, I was quite aware, for who could say what he might reveal to me. Prior to my discovering her on the brig in such dire misery the life of the girl I loved was a sealed book to me. For aught I knew to the contrary she might already be married. The fact that she wore no wedding ring counted for nothing. It might have been stolen from her by the murderers of the man we had found on deck. However, let it be for good or ill, I was resolved to carry the matter through. So to Florence I would go.

By eight o'clock the kit bag I intended to take with me was packed, the remainder of my luggage was handed over to the care of the manager, the knives were once more repacking in the safe, and I was hard at work upon my breakfast. All that remained afterwards was to settle my bill and then be off to the station.

Having taken my ticket I obtained a supply of papers and books to amuse me on the road, and then sought a carriage. So far as I could judge it did not appear to be a very good train, and I was glad to think that in all probability I should have my compartment to myself.

We did so and were led down a cypress bordered walk towards a small summer house, before which an old man with gray hair and wearing a velvet coat, was hobbling up and down, supported by a stick. As it soon appeared he did not hear us, being well night as dead as a post. A long port.

My first impression was that the interpreter was able to make him understand the reason of my intrusion upon his privacy. I took the photograph from my pocket and handed it to the interpreter, with the request that he would ask the old gentleman whether he could remember the original. Having produced his spectacles he examined it carefully, and then suddenly throwing up his hands, as if in astonishment, he said something excitedly to my companion. That he had recognized her was evident from his excitement, which was only equalled by my own. Why didn't he speak? I was in a fever of impatience. I implored the interpreter to hurry him.

An animated conversation ensued. At last my man turned to me. "She was the best pupil he ever had," he says, and her name, so far as I could understand him, was Angela Carbridge, but he says that, if you will accompany him into the house, he will show you one of her pictures with her signature upon it. He has also a photograph of her, taken in Florence two years ago."

"Tell him that I will accompany him only too gladly," I hastened to say. And as we way along the river path towards the villa I murmured to myself, over and over again, "Angela Carbridge, Angela Carbridge." I liked the name better than Alexandra, and it seemed to fit her soft beauty better than any other could do.

When we reached the house he invited us to enter, and we conducted a room on the walls of which were literally covered with paintings.

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Passing to one at the further end he pointed to it with his stick and said something to my companion. "He wishes to tell you that that is the picture, and that you will find her name upon it."

I stepped forward and examined it. In the left hand corner was the name, "Angela Carbridge." It was a beautiful picture, and of just the type I should have imagined she would have painted.

While I was examining it he was searching in a handsomely carved old desk for what eventually proved to be an album containing the portraits of some hundreds of his pupils. A beautiful picture, and of just the type I should have imagined she would have painted.

He took some time to find, but eventually he was successful, and I wrote it in my pocket book, "Miss Matheson, Belgrave Studios, Fulham Road." I resolved to call upon the Matheson immediately I reached London. There was another in Lancashire, but the old gentleman did not seem quite certain whether she was studying under him at the time. I thanked the old gentleman most heartily for the assistance he had rendered me. He begged that I would not do anything of the kind that it was an honor for him that I should ask his assistance, particularly that I should have come such a long distance to do so. He then enquired whether I could give him any news of his old pupil. And when I informed him that she was in London, painting as well as ever, tears rose in the old man's eyes and coursed down his cheeks.

Before leaving he insisted that I should partake of his hospitality, and, begging me to excuse him, left the room, to return a few minutes later with the faintest of old servant following him with glasses.

After the dusty drive we had had, it was exceedingly refreshing. Then, bidding him good-bye, I set off again. As we drove along I turned over in my mind what I had heard, and felt the anger rising again at the thought of any imputation being brought against the woman I had loved. I was the captain and the interpreter, regarding the latter liberally for the work he had done for me. He received my praise and gratitude, and the man conscious of having done his duty as no other could do, and with a sweep of his hat, bowed me a farewell.

The evening was an oppressive one, and not caring to remain indoors with nothing but my own thoughts to occupy me, I put on my hat, lit a cigar, and wandered to go for a stroll. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the old city looked very picturesque in the mellow light, and having learnt by this time to pronounce the name of my hotel, and the street in which it was situated, I thought I might rely with some sort of security on reaching it once more. So I rambled on, as the fancy took me, gradually passing into the more aristocratic quarter of the city into the poorer part.

At last I thought it was time to retire to my room, and I discovered that it was not quite so easy as I supposed. The first two or three turnings were comparatively easy, for they were found in my memory, but after that I found myself lost. I was in a quandary, much as a new chum in Australia who gets bushed in a Mallee scrub. I repeated the name of my hotel and the street in which it was situated several passers-by, but they either did not understand me or they were too sulky to reply, knowing that I was a foreigner. However, I believed I knew the direction in which to go, and I determined to try for that and run along until I came to a part with which I was acquainted.

Trusting to my luck, I set off again, but though it seemed as if I had walked miles, I was no nearer home than before. I paused again to consider, and behind me caught my eye a shadowy figure, and as I did so a knife flashed in the moonlight and a cord encircled my neck. I had that game played on me before, and knew exactly what to do.

Before it could be pulled tight my right foot was in the fellow's stomach and he rushed at me with the knife, but he hadn't time to use it before I had him by the wrist from the inside. It broke like a piece of dry stick. A good fellow, I thought, but he hadn't the lead off with the left under the jaw laid him upon his back, and gave me time to examine his friend, who was being very sorry for himself on the ground.

"A pretty pair you are," I observed. "It's no fault of yours that I am alive at this minute. Turn over, my friend, with the stone, the ache, and let me have a look at your handsome countenance. Great Scott!"

He was none other than my dapper friend, the man who had got into the railway carriage with me at Hampton Court, and who had been so seasick on the way to Calais.

I then crossed to the other man, who was still unconscious. He, however, proved to be a stranger. "If you don't mind, my friend," I observed, "I'll take possession of this pretty little piece of yours, and I'll go through your pockets to see if I can find any document bearing upon this case."



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to take me there. I showed him the knife I had taken from his friend, and informed him that I would use it on him without the least compunction if he played me any tricks.

I continued, "we will show our regard for each other by walking arm in arm. It will then be impossible for you to get away from me."

(To be continued.)

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The fine store in the King Edward Hotel at the main entrance is vacant. This offers a splendid site for a first-class retail business, which would be brought directly under the notice of thousands of visitors who patronize the King Edward from all parts of Canada and the United States. For terms apply to Sidney Small, estate agent, 20 Adelaide street east, city.

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In the woods of Keewaydin there once roamed a very discontented Porcupine. He was forever fretfully complaining that everything was wrong, till it was perfectly scandalous, and the Great Spirit, getting tired of his grumbling, said:

"In a few days the world I have made don't seem to fit. One or the other must be wrong. It is easier to change you. You don't like the trees, you are unhappy on the ground, and think everything is upside down, so I'll turn you inside out and put you in the water."

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Grand Wife

The Kind Worth Having.

A well-known lady of Carthage, Mo., says: "Although I do not drink tea or coffee myself I have had a most interesting experience in my life, for about a year ago my husband began to fall in health. He would get so very nervous at times he would have to give up his work and come home. His eyes were filling with tears, and he became alarmed—was afraid he was going to lose his sight. He also got very yellow in complexion; at times his blood ran cold, from nervous chills the doctor said."

"In a few days he would return to work still in that dull, chilly condition. He would drink coffee, coffee, coffee, for a stimulant he would say, as he drank no liquor."

"His condition gradually got worse instead of better, until finally I made up my mind coffee had something to do with it, so I bought a package of Postum without telling him, and made it according to directions. He drank it and seemed to like it, so I continued to make it, and before the first package was gone he began to get so clear of complexion and feel so well, gaining fast in flesh, he was so delighted he would get to directions every day."

"Finally he talked so much about it (he had gained 10 pounds in 10 days) I could not keep it a secret any longer, and told him to give Postum the credit. The consequence was there has been no more coffee in the house since (and no doctor either)."

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About Writers.

It is a singular coincidence that the three foremost English women novelists of the day are the daughters of literary men. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie is one; "Lucas Malet," who is Mrs. Henry James, is another; and the third is Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose father was the late Thomas Arnold, brother of Matthew Arnold.

A sleepy scribe in England has just discovered Fenimore Cooper. He reviews "The Pathfinder," with huge light, as what is to him a new book. He states that "the scene of the romance is America," and that "the characters of the Pathfinder and Mabel are well drawn." Also he considers that this book is "equal to any from the pen of this popular writer."

During the restoration of the house at Florence which has been traditionally known as "Dante's birthplace," there was found, on an inner wall, the coat-of-arms of the ancient family of Delabell. The discovery has been welcomed by those who are of the opinion that the house does not merit the title given to it.

The late Henry Seton Merriman left behind him not only the complete novel called "The Last Hope," which we have already announced, but a few short tales. These will be issued in volume in the spring under the title of "Other Stories."

Mr. William Le Queux, the popular romancer, has been long been in favor at the Italian court. Only the other day the King bestowed upon him the Order of the Crown of Italy, sending him also a very flattering letter. It was Mr. Le Queux who translated into English the Duke of the Abruzzi's book on his arctic adventures. He is a wine-grower as well as a novelist, owning an estate at Signa, near Florence, with a fine old villa, which was once the ancestral home of the Tolomei, whose daughter Pia is one of the heroines of Tuscan history.

Doubleday, Page & Co. report a business transaction unique in their experience. A literary citizen of Bettles, on the Koyukuk River, in Alaska, sent the firm an order for a shipment of books, and forwarded a little canvas bag of gold-dust as payment for the goods.

Since thousands of Germans are eager to read Lieutenant Blise's now celebrated novel, "A Little Garrison," the prohibition of the book has only increased the smugglers on their mettle. Copies cross the frontier disguised as French or English classics. Six copies which were confiscated the other day bore the title of "Bible."

John B. Watson, Ph. D., of the University of Chicago, has written a volume on "Animal Education," sub-titled, "An Experimental Study on the Psychological Development of the White Rat." This is unintentionally almost as funny a title as the Agricultural Department's recent bulletin on "The Availability of Timothy Hay." Both, however, must, so far as humor goes, make way for Stevenson's "Story of the Young Man Bearing a Plate of Cream Tarts." But of course that was meant to be funny.

As racy a way of words as ever fought on paper, has been going on over Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men," published in his new volume, "The Five Nations." A contributor, "Forest and Stream," who also writes verses and is a sportsman of no small pretensions, but is lost to fame through the ill-starred cognomen of Brown, goes into a spasm of horrified surprise over Kipling's characterization of a Maine "log-jam." Under the heading "Spurious Writings About Angling and Nature," he makes a furious arraignment of the poet for almost every kind and degree of violation of truth in the verses, "The Feet of the Young Men"—"the most violent diatribe, it is said, that has ever appeared in the columns of 'Forest and Stream.'" Others join in the assault. The cudgels of defence are taken up by Mr. Kipling's friends, and the wordy war wages warm.

The Secret of the Forest.

A Wood-Cutter's Story.)

"TREES do not fear death, but they fear it coming, and when they see it coming, and again they give a sign of what they know. If ever any day, when there is no wind abroad, some tree lean down an arm and touches your feet with its leaves, think gently and forgivingly of all your enemies, for they will no be yours much longer. The tree has said, 'Brother!' to one whose unquiet feet will presently find their root in earth."

"There was a good man I once knew, who had never made an enemy in all the world, till one day he had a quarrel with a neighbor who had come into

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CONSTIPATION

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his field by night and robbed him. The next day he set off to market as usual. Just when he got to the wood I overtook him, and we walked along together. He was very troubled because now for the first time in his life he had quarrelled with a man. There wasn't a breath of wind stirring; but all at once down swung the branch of a rowan, touching his face softly with its bright, red berries.

"He looked up, but he said nothing, and we walked on for a while in silence. Before long a hazel-bough reached across the path and touched him on the cheek. That made him look angry; but still he did no say anything. And I, too, did not feel like saying anything just then."

HOW DEATH CAME.

"Just as we were going out of the wood a fir-cone from a high bough fell and struck him on the shoulder—mere chance you might have called that—it was the rowan, foremost to give the sign, which was said most by the nobles as the fir-cone touched him he stopped dead."

"I am going back, neighbor," said he. "Will you do my marketing for me?"

"Why are you going back?" I asked him.

"Well," said he, "I have that quarrel on my mind; I have to make it up. If I have a thief for a neighbor I'll be my neighbor. So with that we parted."

"I was late coming back, for I had double markings to do, and it was almost dark in the wood as I came through it. But there under the rowan tree I found my man lying dead, right on the homeward road, with his face very peaceful. It was easy enough to see how he had come by his end, and everyone guessed who it was that had done it. But when the neighbors heard my story and learned what errand the dead man was on, they let the murderer go unpunished; nobody said a hard word to him, and you never saw a sorer man than he."

"And that was the end of the wood, I tell you, is a good one to walk in after dark; nobody is afraid of it, though a murder was done there."

The man who did it is dead now also, and along with the wood, I also saw the end of a country, the rowan I have seen, of an evening, the fogfogues bend down their tops when there was no breath of wind stirring; for they have a keener sense than most things, and a poor spirit comes abroad, and they, too, are sorry for the man who killed his neighbor that was coming back to make friends with him."

"These are things the trees know of that happen close at hand; but trees may travel far, and change countries, and yet they never forget a land they came from. Years ago, in a sheltered corner of this wood, my father planted twelve trees that had been brought overseas from a country far away south. It is called still the wood of the Twelve Apostles; though there are more than twelve of them there now, so that those who don't know find it wrong in the name. Well, every midwinter, on a certain night, these trees have a dream of their own country. I have seen them on that night standing in the moonlight all alone at it, as if they were all the dead forest without leaf or sign of life in its boughs; but into the boughs of the Twelve Apostles there creeps a glory, and a green mist comes and joins all the branches, and the moonbeams seem to warm around them into the color of sunlight. And I have gone near, and laid my head on the dead leaves that wrap their folds about the living branches, and I have heard them whispering in their dreams, because far away over the sea in their own country it is spring. And I have heard them birds singing those voices are unknown to me, but it is sweet to me as those of my own country; but I doubt not that to the Twelve Apostles they sound sweeter."—Laurence Housman.

The Appointed Time.

Now it came to pass, when the condemned man entered the prison yard and walked toward the scaffold, that the sun broke through the clouds and smiled upon him.

Within the yard were many men. And when the prisoner appeared some of them took off their hats, for they were nervous and knew not what to do. And many of them spat. Yet they did not spit noisily, as was their custom, but they spit in silence.

There had been no hanging at the county jail for well-nigh a generation, albeit two years ago a black man had been strung to a tree in the night, and there was much haste. So it happened that there were many among those now gathered within the prison yard.

Yet they had not been drawn thither by mere idle curiosity to behold a fellow-creature done to death, but that they might with their own eyes bear witness to the righteous punishment of Judson McLeod.

For Judson McLeod, coming to town as a stranger, when it was yet winter for it was less than a year ago—had beguiled the trustful heart of Molly O'Brien, for he was fair of speech and his purse ministered wordily to his convivial tastes, and he was withal a handsome man. And one day it had come to pass that in a fit of jealous wrath he slew Molly O'Brien and cast her body into the creek.

That is to say, the jury had so found the evidence, for no man saw him commit the deed, though all men knew in their hearts that Judson McLeod was a villain.

So the judge had passed sentence upon him, condemning him to be hanged by the neck till he died; and he had set Friday, the thirteenth day of September, as the day of execution.

And the sheriff had said, "The drop will fall at twelve-thirty," which was an idle statement for every man in the county knew that if the sheriff said the drop would fall at twelve-thirty, it would be even so.

Now the sheriff was a quiet man and truthful.

When Judson McLeod came forth from the prison it was twenty-six minutes past the hour of noon. His face was haggard and his eyes shone large in their sunken sockets; for he was a young man, and the shadow of the gallows creeping across the face of the cal-

endar through the long, bright summer had chilled his soul with terror. On either side of him walked a jail-guard, and following close was a black-robed priest, holding in his clasped hands a crucifix and chanting dolefully.

But the prisoner neither heard the priest nor heeded the presence of the awed spectators. His terror-stricken soul was conscious only of the gallows and the grim minister of death bidding silently the hour of its mission.

But when suddenly the sun smiled forth upon him from the darkened sky there flitted across his countenance an answering smile, for unto his heart the sunburst was an omen of deliverance. Yet the meaning thereof was known to no man save only the sheriff, for of those things that were gathered about the scaffold there was none but him who knew that the life of Judson McLeod might be spared at the final moment.

For on the night before a visitor had come to the jail, hurriedly and on an errand of vital import. He was a man unknown to any in the jail save to Judson McLeod, and when he had conversed earnestly with the prisoner for a space of more than an hour he went his way as mysteriously as he had come. Yet the sheriff minded well the things he heard and saw, and he said to himself, "This man has come at the eleventh hour thinking to save the life of Judson McLeod, and therefore it is that he has hastened to the capital on the midnight express, that he may for some deep reason intercede with the Governor for the slayer of Molly O'Brien."

But the morning hours had passed away and the sheriff had seen the kindled radiance of hope in the visage of Judson McLeod grow slowly dim beneath the gathering darkness of death, for there had been no message from the Governor.

So Judson McLeod ascended the steps and stood upon the scaffold. And it lacked two minutes of the appointed time.

The priest drew near to him and prayed for his soul's salvation. But the condemned man turned his feet to the hillside afar off and gazed despairingly along the road that descended the hill towards the jail. It was the road leading from the town.

And even as he looked his feet were bound with a cord, and his knees likewise, and a noose of rope was put about his neck, with a great knot behind his head, for so it is that all hangmen do. And then the light of the world was shut out from his eyes, for a black bag was drawn swiftly over his face and he lay beneath the linen.

And the sheriff, who stood at the foot of the scaffold, lifted up his eyes and beheld afar off a cloud of dust appear

Reward of Merit.

A New Catarrh Cure Secures National Popularity in Less than One Year.

Throughout a great nation of eighty millions it is the common belief that no article permanently successful, if it is to secure even a recognition for a new article, to say nothing of achieving popular favor, and yet within one year



Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, the new catarrh cure, has met with such success that it can be found in every drug store throughout the United States and Canada.

To be sure a large amount of advertising was necessary in the first instance to bring this remedy to the attention of the public, but everyone familiar with the subject knows that advertising alone never made any article permanently successful. It must have, in addition, absolute, undeniable merit, and this the new catarrh cure certainly possesses in a marked degree. Physicians, who formerly depended upon inhalers, sprays, and local washes or ointments, now use Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because, as one of the most prominent stated, these tablets contain a pleasant, convenient form of the really efficient catarrh remedies, such as red gum, blood root and similar antiseptics.

They contain no cocaine nor opiate, and are given to little children with entire safety and benefit.

Dr. J. J. Reitter of Covington, Ky., says: "I suffered from catarrh in my head for years, with constant stoppage of the nose and irritation in the throat, affecting my voice, and often extending to the stomach, causing catarrh of the stomach. I bought a fifty-cent package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at my druggist's, carried them in my pocket and used them faithfully, and the way in which they cleared my head and throat was certainly remarkable. I had no catarrh last winter and spring, and consider myself entirely free from any catarrhal trouble."

Mrs. Jerome Ellison of Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I suffered from catarrh nearly my whole life, and last winter my two children also suffered from catarrhal colds and sore throat so much that they were out of school a large portion of the winter. My brother, who was cured of catarrhal deafness by using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, urged me to try them so much that I did so, and to my surprise I found that they have done for myself and my children. I always keep a box of the tablets in the house and at the first appearance of cold or sore throat I use them in the bud, and catarrh is no longer a household affliction with us."

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suddenly upon the road on the hillside. A lad on horseback was coming towards the jail at full speed. And although he was still distant nearly a mile, the keen eye of the sheriff recognized him. He was a messenger from the telegraph office.

None saw him but the sheriff. The eyes of all others were riveted in morbid tension upon the quaking figure on the scaffold. Men dared not speak, and they feared to move. The shadow of impending death stilled their hearts with dread, and a silence like unto that of the grave brooded upon the scene.

The sheriff slipped his watch into his pocket and raised his cap. It was a signal to the hangman. And the next instant Judson McLeod plunged down through the opened floor. His body jerked convulsively for a moment and then hung limp and still, by which sign all men knew his neck was broken.

Now the sheriff had loved Molly O'Brien, and it was twelve-thirty—Clifford Howard in "Lippincott's Magazine."

Consensus.

"What is your idea of happiness?" was asked.

Said the millionaire: I should be happy if I could spend my money where it would be of some real benefit. This, and a good digestion.

Said the poor man: Happiness is having enough money to spend without anxiety.

Said the society woman: Happiness is rest.

Said the washwoman: To be able to dance all night and be as long as I wanted to the next morning.

Said the soldier: To live peacefully all the rest of my life.

The sailor: To feel the solid earth under my feet for the rest of my days.

The artist: To paint a picture to please myself, and not the public.

The author: To have time enough to think.

The diplomat: To be myself.

The journalist: To tell the truth.

The wise man: To be a fool.

The fool: To be a wise man.

Poison in his Beer.

A sour-faced middle-aged spinster entered a smoking carriage on the Underground, and the pipes all went out as if she had been carbonic acid gas—all except one which remained in the mouth of an obdurate looking little man, who blew rings round her from time to time. When she had glared at him for some minutes she caught his eye and remarked, "If I were your wife, sir, I'd poison your beer." The obdurate little man said nothing, but preserving a placid indifference, smoked the saying over with a very thoughtful expression. Presently the train drew up at a station, and before getting out he lowered the window with a face full of purpose. Then, leaving the carriage, he waited till the train was about to move on, when, putting his head in at the window, he remarked, "Madam, if you were my wife, I think I'd drink that beer."

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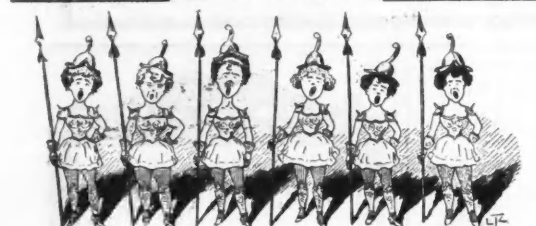
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DRAMA



The "Isle of Spice" has a name suggestive of coffee and cloves, to say nothing of the humble nutmeg. We expected Ceylon or Java, and, behold, the island was Nicobar of the Malayan group, and the area of the island is given as 265 square miles. Just as you are beginning to wonder why the area is mentioned at all, the curtain of the Princess Theater goes up and you are gazing at the exterior of King Bom Popka's palace. The king is no end of a chap whose head ought not to lie uneasy, because his crown is the very smallest affair of the kind that ever was made, and rests sideways with neat and jaunty effect. In real life His Majesty is Mr. Harry Kelly, and he speaks the part of Malayan monarch with a rich Milesian accent. Some of his jokes are absolutely new, and his conversations with the two deserters from Uncle Sam's army, Collins and Mackinaw, whom Bom Popka fondly takes for messengers from the sun, are the best part of the "Isle of Spice." The music is nothing startling—it will not thaw the ice on the Don and set that noble stream aflame. But there are two songs quite worth while—"Peggy Brady" and "The Goo-Goo Man." The first is sung by Miss Leslie Leigh, who is a Queen in her idle moments, and the audience simply goes into an encorespasm which lasts for half an hour. Miss Leigh is the most dainty coquette creature imaginable, as she strolls across the stage in green velvet masculine attire, which is altogether too feminine in its grace to deserve such an adjective. Her voice is just as seductive as it should be, and the "Goo-Goo Man" is a remarkable feature of the evening's performance. The best of flowers upon Miss Fay Cameron, who is Teresa and the King's ward, Miss Leigh, and finally and with profusion upon Alice York, who is none other than a Toronto girl, Miss Alice Hill. She is one of the radiant "Army Flowers," and the presence of a host of Toronto young men who applauded her appearance in the "Goo-Goo Man" with undying vigor testified to such popularity as a clever young Canadian deserves. Mr. William M. Armstrong, as Harold Katchall, the hero of the Muddy Jack, is a dashing young naval officer with a good big voice who sings "Uncle Sam's Marines" in dramatic style. A pleasing feature of this selection is the waving of both Old Glory and our own Union Jack. The management showed good taste in this arrangement, as we have had altogether too much of the other sort of thing. The "Stars and Stripes" is a pretty flag which never looks better than when it is crossed with the flag of the British Empire. There is hardly an apology for a plot in the "Isle of Spice," but the setting is picturesque, the costumes are the happiest garments that can be dreamed of, even the weird kimono having something of grace about it, and the game of "bank" in the second act is the gayest sport that ever a king beguiled himself with. The musical comedy is well-named and there isn't an ugly maiden on the island. Let us hope that the territory won't go into arbitration, for Canada wants a claim in the Isle of Spice.

At the Grand Opera House this week Herrmann, the magician is doing all the wonderful things that make you blink and wonder if there can be such a thing as terra firma and such solid material as real doors and ceilings. Of course, there are people who profess to explain it all, and there is also a dear old lady who solemnly declares, "such folks are possessed," but the most of us feel decidedly queer and wonder if our car fare for the return trip can possibly be conjured away. Herrmann can do such marvelous things that he can almost make you imagine you see a Bloof and McCall car coming, and you wonder what it will be like to feel the street car move. At least, he could produce such effects if he only would. Then the Laskeys play cleverly between the wonders, and the people doubt the reality of the musicians and the bugles whereon they perform. It is the real magic, but how it's done I don't pretend to say.

Although the list at Shea's this week, minus the top-liner would well satisfy the average patron, yet the much heralded Vesta Tilley is responsible for the physical culture indulged in by even the sixty-year-olds on Monday evening. In the realm of character vocalism she is without a peer. As "Algy the Piccadilly Johnny," she immensely delighted the audience with the expositions of the mannerisms of that species of boulevardier. Clad in "glad rags" and armed with one extra lamp, strongly characteristic of Preferential Joe, she struck some attitudes never dreamed of by that much cartooned politician. Possibly the truest of her conceptions was that of Thomas Atkins "on furlough." The flavor of this impersonation was only equalled by that of the weed employed, and the popularity of this particular number caused not a few Cookneys "who had seen her before, don't cher know," to give assistance, which by the way she needed at no stage of the game. In every study Miss Tilley was distinctly at home, showing very plainly with what ease and assurance the average new woman could adopt male attire, after a few years' practice. The Quaker City Quartette in a bright musical act certainly scored. The funny coon members of the troupe who objected to being called a pimple when it was very evident he was a blackhead sprung something new. The kinetograph succeeded in retaining the attention of the audience with the amusing adventures of Buster Brown and his dog. The latter is a very sagacious canine, and is exceedingly familiar with bargain counter methods.

The Princess offers for one week, beginning next week, what has proved to be perhaps the one genuine musical comedy triumph of the current season in New York, in Charles Frohman and George Edwards' production of Paul Rubens' dainty little play, with musical trimmings, "Three Little Maids." Messrs. Frohman and Edwards have reason to be highly gratified at the reception accorded their most recent importation in New York, for it has continuously delighted crowds at two different theaters in the metropolis for five months. The New York critics declared the piece to be fairly bristling with merit from rise to fall of curtain and the company presenting it to be the very best organization of its class ever sent to this side. In the cast are observed George

P. Huntley, Maurice Farkas, Madge Crichton, Delia Mason, Maud Hobson, J. Edward Fraser, Elsa Ryan, George Carroll, and R. St. George. There are a dozen wholesome creations and those which leaped into instant favor in New York include "Algie Was Awfully Good at Algebra," "Men, Humbugging Men," "Sal," "What's the Matter?" "She Was a Miller's Daughter," "I Like Love," and "Two Little Pigs." "Three Little Maids" is the essence of all that is dainty and whimsical and refined in the most highbred and spirited style of English temperament. This superb organization will not be seen in Canada except in Toronto, and makes the remarkable jump direct from this city to Sydney, Australia.

As a headliner for the coming week, Mr. Shea has secured James J. Corbett, monologist. Mr. Corbett's stories about himself and people whom he has met in his journeys around the world are said to be more amusing than ever. Mr. Corbett first came before the public as a pugilist, but with one stride he reached the stage and became an entertainer of exceptional merit. As another special attraction, Mr. Shea has secured Hodge, Hall & Co., a new act which was produced in Brooklyn week before last. It is a comedy sketch in which there are four people and innumerable amusing situations. John Ford and Mayme Gehrue, two of the best dancers the stage affords, will more than please those who like this style of entertainment. The three Crane brothers, the Mudgett Minstrels, could not help being funny if they tried. McVatt's, Tyson & Co. offer an unusually attractive medley called "Scenes in a Dressing Room." The three Richards, marvelous European acrobats, will make their first appearance in Toronto and will do some stunts that are widely different from anything in athletics seen here recently. The Brothers French in a unicycle novelty recently arrived from the other side of the world, will perform some clever tricks on a single wheel. Dorothy Kenton the Girl with the banjo knows how to pick this tuneful instrument. The kinetograph will show a number of new views.

Only fancy! That dear old play, Uncle Tom's Cabin, is in town for the one-hundred-and-fiftieth time, Eliza is with us once more, the "cabin" is toted along Adelaide street at the noon hour, while Eva, yea, little Eva, dies nightly. It has even been said that women of this Toronto the Teary weep as little Eva does her fond farewell, and leaves a world that was not worthy of her. Any one who will sob over Eva is capable of shedding tears over the patriotic column, or monument, or whatever you like, in the City Hall. We can put up with Eliza, Uncle Tom is not irredeemable, the hounds are nice gentle dogs, but little Eva is the limit. Would that we might truly behold her finish!

On Good Friday evening, at the Conservatory Music Hall, Mr. E. S. Williamson will present, for the first time in Toronto, his new Dickens entertainment, "Pickwick Illustrated," which has been highly praised by the provincial press. Mr. Williamson portrays the humorous adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, including the famous breach of promise trial, Bardell v. Pickwick. The hundred stereoscopic pictures which embellish the entertainment are reproduced from copies of rare originals in Mr. Williamson's unique collection of Dickensian illustrations. The orchestra will assist. Plan opens at Tyrrell's Book Shop on Tuesday, 29th inst.

S-P-O-R-T

A FEATURE of the Toronto Canoe Club's summer programme this year will be a series of those informal inter-club regattas which created so much enjoyment for devotees of aquatic last season. The Canoe Club officers have again broached the matter to the local clubs and have been assured of the heartiest co-operation. These affairs are practically invitation regattas, with the programmes framed to afford sport to the greater number. Last season the Island Amateur Aquatic Association, Argonaut Rowing Club, and the yacht clubs participated. One of the biggest dingy races ever held in Canada. Twenty-two of the little fellows started, and the sight was one of rare beauty, for a brisk breeze blew, and the water sparkled in strong sunlight as the "mosquitoes" surged away for the first mark. The T. C. C., Argonaut, and R. C. Y. C. balconies were crowded with wildly enthusiastic audiences. The canoeing, tilting and other aquatic sports made the afternoon one long to be remembered.

This year the affairs will be more ambitious than ever and rare sports in war canoe racing is promised if the Argonauts organize their proposed war canoe crew. Opposition in war canoe paddling is hailed with unbounded delight by the T. C. C. braves.

The Toronto Canoe Club officers are a wide awake set of hustlers. Not only have they kept the club-house warm all winter, with popular events, but Commodore Dr. King and Rear-Commodore Muirhead have undertaken to revive the

old spirit of international rivalry, which existed in days gone by, between the Toronto canoeists and their brethren in the Bison City. These two Toronto Canoe Club men were over in Buffalo a couple of weeks ago at the Buffalo Canoe Club dinner and laid the foundation for international contests this summer. With international and inter-club competition things canoeing should boom around the bay this summer.

By the way, the Red Totem fleet of dinghies which last year numbered 27 will have at least a dozen additions this year. One local firm has T. C. C. orders for eleven new craft, including one for William McQuillan, who won the section "A" championship with the speedy "Lola" last season.

It might here be mentioned, too, that the Buffalo Canoe Club, which has some lively sailing craft, has adopted the Canadian dinghy and will have a fleet of half a dozen from a Toronto builder this season.

Lou Scholes, the Canadian single sculling champion, has an ambitious programme before him. He goes to England early in June for the Henley regatta in July. From Henley he goes to St. Louis, thence to the National regatta at Worcester, Massachusetts, winding up with the Royal Canadian Henley at St. Catharines in August. Scholes is already in training. He is doing "gym" work at Varsity, and George Orton stunts over the hills around East Toronto. If the bay doesn't break up soon he will take his shell across the ice and do some pulling in the open lake off the sandbar. Scholes will pull at about 175 pounds this year. He worked at 158 last season, but has built up a lot during the winter and now weighs 185 stripped, without an ounce of fat. In fact he is so hard now that it is doubtful whether he can pull down to 175 pounds. Eddie Durnan will have Scholes in charge again this summer and will go to England with him. Scholes will again row double with Smythe. That pair should just about clean up all the silverware hung up on this side of the herring pond for doubles.

With new sights at the Don and Toronto clubs, there should be some hair-raising sport at local rowing regattas, even though both crews will be junior. Both the Dons and the Torontos have some likely men for the eights. Even this year, though both crews will be green and raw, they should give the Argo juniors trouble. The great ambition of both clubs, however, is to take the measure of the world-defying senior Argonaut eight.

There will be no difficulty in the way of securing a second Canadian Lacrosse Association senior franchise for Toronto. Another senior team would give some of those promising juniors developed by the local leagues a chance to show their mettle. There are three or four good ones among the local rising lacrosse generation. Take young Fred Rowntree of Weston for instance. He is an aggressive, heady player who will make it interesting for any home player in the business who ventures down into a defence he decorates. Selby, Teddy Brown and Adamson look like comers, too. They are available and will at least get a chance, if they desire it, with the new team. However, the promoters will have to line out a pretty strong team on paper before they get a franchise. Grounds can be procured at Hanlan's Point; so about all that is necessary is a source for the "money to come from." Those who are shoving the idea along claim to have located a patriotic Croesus who is willing to part with the gold and green for the sake of the national game.

This backward spring season is worrying Toronto oarsmen and canoeists not a little. They have to compete against men who are afloat from the last of March, and are naturally anxious to get their hands upon the sweeps and paddles and watch the blue water swirl and curl behind the driven blades. "I don't know what we are going to do," remarked Rear-Commodore Muirhead of the T. C. C. this week, "if the ice does not break up soon. I do hope the spring is warm, to enable our men to round into shape early. Last year it was August before we got into any sort of shape. We could not get the boys out to work on the chilly mornings." The T. C. C. paddlers will commence gymnasium work about April 1st. An experienced trainer will be in charge of the men again this year.

He Wondered

A Toronto man lay dying and the clergyman was painting for him the joys of a fairer country.

"My brother, you are going to that better land, where all our hopes are realized, where we shall get everything we failed to attain on earth."

"I wonder," said the departing one, faintly, "if I'll be able to get a College street car?"

Powdered Wigs Again.

I am more miles than I can count from England, yet whips reach me of the doings there. One said, "Knee-breeches are coming in again." Can that be true? If it is, perhaps we shall yet see the young bank clerk bending a powdered head and kissing the tips of the typewriter's fair fingers, yet hear the young ladies of the post-office addressing delighted customers with the dignified and decorous vivacity that so well become the heroines of the immortal Jane—Robert Hichens in the "Queen."



PAY FROM THE START.

Trustee Parkinson—Put the dollars sign on the first step to encourage us boys.

Society at the Capital.

ALL doubts as to the success of the grand carnival were set at rest on Monday, when it turned out to be an ideal winter's day and as predicted everything passed off splendidly, the unreliable condition of the ice having been the only doubtful factor in the way, and the continued cold soon settled that. Never before has there been such a pretty carnival in Ottawa, and the Hockey Club and the conveners of the different courts are certainly to be congratulated on the good management which characterized the whole performance and made it such a grand success. About three hundred appeared in costume on the ice and a much larger number witnessed the brilliant scene from the boxes and seats at the side, the night being not too cold to enjoy looking on from a stationary point of view. Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, who had the Dutch Court under her special care, invited these quaint-looking men and maidens to a jolly little supper which was very much enjoyed. The members of the Riding Court and one or two more met at Mrs. John Gilmour's and spent a jolly hour or two in the same enjoyable manner. Mrs. Gilmour's guests included Colonel and Mrs. Denny, Miss Dorothy White of Quebec, the Misses Lemoine, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant, Miss Borden, Miss Howland, Miss Irwin, Mrs. Cheney, the Misses Fitzpatrick, Mr. H. McDougall, Mr. Crerar, Mr. Fritz Ridley, Mr. Sam McDougall and several others.

Teas, luncheons and dinners have all been popular during the week, and many out-of-town visitors were to be met at each and all of them. On Wednesday Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar added another to her long list of this season's teas when her sister-in-law, Mrs. F. C. Hood of Toronto, was the guest of honor, and some of the guests were: Lady Borden, Lady Tschereau, Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. Carling of London, Mrs. Glyn Osler, Miss Connie Scarth of Toronto, Mrs. Victor Rivers, Miss Gildersleeve of Kingston, Mrs. O'Halloran, Mrs. Hampson of Montreal, Mrs. A. G. Blair and Mrs. George Blair of Halifax. Mrs. Wurtele also entertained at the tea-hour on the same afternoon, when her guests from Quebec, Miss Muriel Joseph and Miss Leslie Hall, had the opportunity of meeting many of Ottawa's brightest young people. The decorations were carried out in red, tulips and carnations being the predominating flowers, and the wants of the guests were looked after by Mrs. Weatherbee, Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Claire McCulloch and Miss Hope Wurtele.

The Misses Emmerson, daughters of the newly-appointed Minister of Railways and Canals, were the "raisons d'être" of a large and fashionably attended tea on Friday, when Mrs. Graham of Hull was the hostess. The rooms were very prettily decorated in yellow with quantities of jonquils and candelabra shaded in the same delicate color. Mrs. Tyrwhitt and Miss Jean Lindsay assisted Miss Graham in attending to her numerous guests, and besides the many bright young girls of the Capital, those from out of town were Miss Eva Miles of Toronto, Miss Ada Lindsay, and Miss Amy Thompson of Montreal. Mrs. B. L. Borden's tea on Thursday afternoon was principally for the seasonal visitors and the hostess was gracefully assisted by Mrs. J. G. Foster and Mrs. Grierson.

Lady Davies' drawing-room concert on Tuesday evening in aid of St. Luke's Hospital proved to be a great success from every point of view, and something over two hundred dollars was realized for this good cause. Several of our most talented musicians kindly contributed to the success of the evening. Mrs. Crewe, Miss Gilmour, Mr. Cecil Bethune and Captain Graham being the vocalists, while Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar and Dr. Gibson were the pianists of the evening. Miss Clayton and Mrs. Shaw contributing some very pretty violin solos. Government House was represented by Lady Minto, Mr. Glyn Elliot and Miss Seymour, and nearly every one of the Cabinet Ministers with their wives were present.

A euche party with a dance afterwards proved a very pleasant variation in this week's amusements, when on Friday Mrs. W. Surtees entertained in this manner, Miss Calvert of Strathroy sharing the honor of being the "raison d'être" with the Misses Emmerson and Miss Annie Paterson. A large number of the guests were seasonal visitors, the following M.P.'s being among them: Mr. Lefurgey, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Dymont, Mr. Roche, Colonel A. T. Thompson, and others present were Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Cowan of Windsor, Hon. Mr. Baird and Miss Baird of Perth, Miss Little and Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock, Miss Kennedy of Port Dover, Miss Whitney of Morrisburg, Miss Millar of St. John, N.B., making in all fourteen tables of euche.

Owing to the death of the Duke of Cambridge, all festivities arranged to come off at Government House during the next few weeks have been cancelled, and the theatricals have consequently been postponed from April 4th until a month later. The first rehearsal, however, has taken place, and everything is in train for the production of a very bright little play of which Captain Graham is the author, and besides several members of the vice-Royal household, those who will take part are Colonel and Mrs. Denny, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Jessie Gilmour, Mr. Gladwyn McDougall and Mr. Hugh Fleming.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Soper contributed two exceedingly pleasant dinner parties to the week's many social functions, at the first of which the guests included Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair, Hon. Sidney Fisher, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Cheney, Miss Hilda Sherwood, Miss Bessie Keefer and Dr. Lyman. At the second, on Friday evening, the guests numbered fourteen, and some of those present were the United States Consul and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Geraldine Chapman, Mrs. Crowdy of Toronto, Mr. Mackenzie King, and Mr. Sam McDougall.

Luncheons were also a prominent feature of the week's festivities, and on Thursday Lady Laurier entertained at a dainty little party of this description in honor of her guests, the Misses Gibson, daughters of Senator Gibson of Benningville, when those who enjoyed Lady Laurier's hospitality were Miss Kennedy of Port Dover, Miss Little of Woodstock, Miss Calvert of Strathroy, and Mrs. Henri Laurier, who are also staying with Lady Laurier. The table was very artistically decorated with quantities of red carnations.

Mrs. Paterson, wife of the Minister of Customs, gave a luncheon at the Russell Cafe on Saturday, when her invitations, with two or three exceptions, were confined to the younger girls, who are just now visiting in the Capital. They were the Misses Emmerson, the Misses Gibson of Benningville, Miss Little of Woodstock, Miss Kennedy of Port Dover, Miss Boulton of Toronto, Miss Baird of Perth, Miss Calvert of Strathroy, Miss Power of Halifax, Miss Dwyer of Toronto, Miss Rogers of Yarmouth, Miss Kerr of Cobourg, Miss Millar of St. John, N.B., and Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Edith Sparks, Miss Fitzpatrick and Miss Maud Borden, numbering in all twenty-three. Riddle cards were placed at each guest's place and much fun was enjoyed in solving the various problems.

Ottawa, March 21st, 1904. THE CHAPERONE.

Such an Example.



Wife (to husband, who has barked his shins violently against the bed, and is muttering something to himself)—Oh, Jack, how can you! Supposing Baby were to hear you! —Punch.

By the Way.

By CANADIENNE.

THE St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa must have been in sore need of "oratory" when such a vulgar demagogue as Bourke Cockran was brought from New York for the delectation of an audience at our Capital. I do not call him by this title because he is an extreme pro-Boer, for we have Boers in our own country who are good British subjects and honest gentlemen, and whose opinions are deserving of all respect. We would be in a sad condition, indeed, if a pro-Boer in Canada were to be branded as traitor. But Bourke Cockran is an entirely different proposition; and, as I have heard him speak in the United States, I know whereof I affirm. It will be conceded by all decent people that the man is a consummate cad who exults in the grief of bereaved households whose fathers and sons have fallen on the battlefield, however, hostile the speaker may be towards the cause for which the soldiers died. Yet Bourke Cockran is just such a cad. In the winter of 1900 he raved and ranted in this fashion wherever he could get thousands of Anglophobians gathered together—and he usually found large audiences in Uncle Sam's cultured cities. In Philadelphia he made use of the following expression: "I hope this war will last until the price of crapes rises in England." No words were too venomous, no slander too vile for England and her army. And yet this is the creature, whose "magnificent presence," . . . beautiful language and flowing periods," to say nothing of his "forceful gestures," won him such applause at Ottawa. Of course, it will be said that the society engaging him as a star attraction did not know of his record. Then the members must be singularly careless regarding the career of their honored guests. Are there not distinguished Irishmen in our own country who were fit to address an Ottawa audience on St. Patrick's night? But if it were necessary to import an orator, he might at least have been a gentleman. More amusing than any other comment is the newspaper heading, "Bourke Cockran was very moderate." . . . the Tammany orator from New York reformed from insulting remarks on Great Britain, it must have been because he is careful of his own person rather than of the feelings of others. When he was in England a few summers ago, he was being shown about the House of Commons by no less a guide than the Yanko-Anglo Winston Churchill, who considered it very liberal to escort the loud-talking Democrat from New York. They met Captain Arthur Lee, who, as all good Canadians know, was once at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Winston in a condescending way proceeded with an introduction, but Captain Lee abruptly turned on his heel, refusing the honor of Cockran's acquaintance. He was altogether in the right. A pro-Boer is quite as good as any other man and has a perfect right to an expression of opinion in any British country. But a man who would descend to brutality of expression against any foe is unfit for decent society. I am quite sure that had any Toronto Irishman been at the Philadelphia meeting to which I have referred, there would have been "forceful gestures" and the "magnificent presence" of the Tammany orator might have suffered in what would have proved the scrap of Bourke Cockran's life. However, so long as Ottawa sends us lecturers like Mr. William-Wilfrid Campbell and that delightful Irishman, Professor Wattles, we can only pity her bad taste in foreign spouters. There is nothing wrong with her native poets and orators.

The member for North Toronto added to the gaiety of provinces last week by worrying the House into a fever over a simple little motion to adjourn. Friday afternoon has usually been considered sacred to the country legislators who have homeward to snow-plough their weary way and contentions have been strictly barred. But the aforesaid member considered that the monotony of peace had brooded long enough over the stately House of Assembly, and therefore he developed a sudden desire for the islands in Lake Temagami not to be sold to the sordid monopolist, and, after some private theatricals on both sides, the worthy representative from North Toronto moved the adjournment, which was a horrible thing for an Opposition member to perpetrate. However, there is a very odd aspect of the case, which was thus referred to by an evening paper: "Mr. Harcourt was the next to relay. He said that Dr. Nesbitt appeared to be intoxicated with the idea of getting a catch vote when the House was half-full." If the insinuation of the above statement be correct, then the sooner the Premier brings down the Prohibition bill and the members mount the water wagon, the safer will our beloved Ontario feel. But it was the day after the Seventeenth of Ireland and the snake was only "scotched."

There has not been a better page in Toronto journalism for many moons than the "Seven Distinguished Directors Who Do Not Direct" which appeared in the "News" last Saturday. There was much truth and some poetry in the seven biographies (would that they had been obituaries) of the misdirectors of the Toronto Street Railway Company. Certain poetic lines have been sent to this office on the above-mentioned gentlemen, but the verse is so blankety-blank that I hesitate to give it space in these virtuous columns. In fact it expresses a desire to see the seven distinguished gentlemen in a region where asbestos commands an exceedingly high price. A legal gentleman informed me the other day that he is playing a new and exciting game with the authorities that are alleged to run our wayward trams. When the conductor approaches and demands his fare, the lawyer kindly but firmly refuses to pay, and he is declared to be with the light of determination in his eyes, "I only wish they'd put me off and I'll fight the case." As he comes from a certain snakeless island, I also hope they'll put him off and then, perhaps, the people will arise and say things. We live in an age of fever and fret, of rush and often meaningless turmoil. But if any Toronto citizen desires a peaceful half-hour, let him take the Yonge street car, which reaches College about seven o'clock p.m. There it halts—and halts. Wagons come and go, unruly boys shout words of derision from the street, policemen cast looks of scorn on the passengers peering vainly from the perfectly clean windows, but the car—it moveth not. The conductor and the motor gentleman sit side by side and exchange bon mots in the twilight hush. Some weary passengers depart for the land of slumber, where, it is to be hoped, fares are not collected; others swear in a wailing minor key, but to him who craves a time of heart-searching, of gentle reverie in the gloaming, this little pause is a blessed interlude. There are citizens who regard the frequent collapse of the street cars as a most convenient form of excuse. Whatever be the hour at which the lodge frequenter returns to his own fireside, he can blame it on the car and wax eloquent as he speaks of the weary miles he walked.

Thanks.

Thanks to you, sun and moon and star,
And you, blue level with no cloud,
Thanks to you, splendours from afar,
For a high heart, a neck unbowed.

Thanks to you, wind, sent to and fro,
To you, light, pouring from the law,
Thanks for the breath and glory-flow
The steadfast soul can feed upon.

Thanks to you, pain and want and care,
And you, joys, cunning to deceive,
And you, barked phantoms of despair;
I battle on, and I believe.

Thanks to you ministers benign,
In whatsoever guise you come,
Under this fig tree and this vine,
Here I am master, and at home.

—John Vance Cheney in "Atlantic Monthly."

Wifely Warning.

Husband—"Don't worry, my dear, if I arrive home late occasionally now that I've joined the Athletic Club. I used to be a great athlete when I was a boy, you know, and it seems like renewing my youth to go through all the old exercises again."

Wife—"No, John, I won't; but when you come in at 2 a.m. as you did this morning, please don't renew your youth by standing on your head in the front garden, or by climbing in through the window, because it's apt to excite comment, you know—that's all, dear."

Jappo-Russo.

Special Gramophone Record to "Saturday Night" from Our Own Liar at the Front.

HEMULPO, March 19, 1904.—By a brilliant stroke of nerve to-day I succeeded in tapping the private phone line into Kurapatkin's tent direct from St. Petersburg. I had just nicely got the connections made when the bell rang in a very majestic tone. Putting the receiver to my ear I heard the following conversation between His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas, and General Kurapatkin:
"Hello, that you Kurap?"
"Yes; that you, Nick?"
"Yes. How are all my brave fellows?"
"Doing nicely, thank you, Nick."
"Tell them for me that they are fighting for the might and majesty of Russia."
"All right—but say, they think they are fighting for six kopeks a day and found."
"Is that so? Now, that's sordid. Tell you what; I'll send on a train load of might and majesty at once to impress them."
"Yes, do; I'll put it on board a cruiser and see how it stands the wash."
"Well—what's that?"
"I mean I'll see if it's waterproof—at least I'll let the Japs see if it is."
"Say, Kurap, I'm not satisfied with your advertising department."
"Why, how's that, Nick?"
"Well, the other day you sent out a despatch that you had captured a measly sixteen hundred Japs."
"Yes, I know, but that was only a dream and the Japs shattered it."
"Well, why didn't you say sixteen thousand? The public would have believed it just as quickly as the sixteen hundred, and the Japs would have had more trouble in denying it. Have no scruples. Grind them beneath your iron heel and if yours isn't big enough send for mine. You know they acted treacherously in beginning the war before we were ready. Give them lots of trouble—don't spare them."
"All right, Nick, I'll do that."

"Say, Kurap, I want you to march a million men into Pekin to-morrow and tell the Government if they don't evacuate Manchuria before six o'clock tomorrow evening you will lead out the whole population of China and shoot it before breakfast. I am much annoyed at the presumption of these Chinks claiming the right to police our own Province of Manchuria, and although I'm an apostle of peace, I draw the line at the ignorant impudence of half-civilized peoples in daring to resist our Might and Majesty."

This eventually impressed Kurapatkin, for he said, "Yes, sir," quite respectfully.

And now look out for the bear in the china shop. Vladivostok, March 20, 1904.—The Japanese show a lamentable disregard for the amenities of life or the difficulties of housekeeping. During the bombardment the other day they dropped a four thousand pound charge of dynamite into the only remaining egg foundry in town. The result is that the town now looks like an exaggerated omelet and the citizens are obliged to eat their breakfast standing, with a trowel. As there are only two years' supplies in the place and the war is likely to last four, the Viceroy has ordered that no more rations will be issued until the omelet is consumed. Private soldiers are forbidden to remove any and adhering to their meals. This is to make them plucky.

Port Arthur, March 21, 1904.—This was the day of the big wind here. The first blast came from Alexieff. It said "On to Tokio!" But the Czar wired back that he should have been on to Tokio before the Japs sunk all those ships in the first attack. That silenced Alexieff. This blow had just died out when a shriek was heard and a gale blew into the throat of a 100-pound gun, choking it. This is a serious blow to the armament of the fort. After this casualty the commandant gave orders to the gunners to see that all the heavy guns are carefully corked during the equinoctial storms. The guns are needed to fire signals of danger to non-combatants when the Jap fleet is in sight.

SIN SIN LYRE.

Note to Editor.

News is scarce this week. If these despatches are not lengthy enough get the police reporter to write denials of each one and date them from St. Petersburg and Paris. By putting double-column heads on them they will pad out respectably.

A Teetotal Tip

To be inscribed on every household water tank.

Drink of it only with thine eyes.

For there's an awful doubt

Whether it's four years since, or six,

This cistern was scrubbed out!

With organisms it must teem,

So, if thou hast a thirst,

Remember Safety's law supreme—

And boil the water first!

—London "Truth."

Canada's Sovereign Title.

It is refreshing to read such a statesmanlike editorial article in a New York paper as the one quoted below. Seldom does a United States journalist show such breadth of view and courtesy in treating of Canada's position among the nations as is displayed by the writer in the "Tribune." However, we must inform New Yorkers that Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., is not yet an "Honorable," although there's no telling—

We regret to perceive another slight misunderstanding of the United States on the part of our Canadian friends and neighbors. It is revealed in some recent remarks of the Hon. W. F. Maclean, M.P., at a dinner of the Canadian Club in Toronto. Assuming the reports in the Canadian papers of his address to be correct, Mr. Maclean said "there was not a public man in the United States who admitted that Canadians have a right to an independent national existence." We assume, of course, that he was entirely sincere in making that amazing statement. Then we must add that he was entirely, egregiously and, to our mind, incomprehensibly mistaken.

We doubt if there is a public man, or a private one either,



Title page of an old American edition of "Pickwick," now very rare, in the possession of Mr. E. S. Williamson.

in the United States, whose opinion on such a matter is worthy of consideration, who does not unhesitatingly admit that Canada's title to independent national sovereignty is as good as our own. It is of older date than our own. It was fully recognized by us at the time when our title was established. It was again and again recognized by the great statesmen of our early years who founded our national policy—by Hamilton and Jefferson alike, when they both proposed that the North American continent should be divided between the United States and Great Britain to the exclusion of all other nations. If it has ever been seriously challenged or questioned since, we are not aware of the fact. Moreover, since Mr. McLean referred to the Monroe Doctrine, we may add that that doctrine is as much a guarantee of Canadian sovereignty as of any other sovereignty on the American continent. It is at once a pledge that the United States will not wantonly infringe upon Canadian sovereignty, and a warning to the world that no foreign power will be permitted to do so. Perhaps Canada does not need, or does not think she needs, our guarantee, but she can scarcely regard the making of it as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition.

The United States regards Canada as, under British imperial suzerainty, an independent sovereign nation, whose title is as valid as that of any nation on the globe. It has no thought of annexing Canada against her will, nor does it, indeed, regard annexation as necessary or inevitable. It is not sitting up o' nights to coax or to coerce the Dominion into union with the Republic. If ever Canada should, at her own will, seek such union, the United States would probably be cordially responsive. But if Canada never does seek it, the United States will regard with entire equanimity and satisfaction the prospect of continuing for all time to share this continent with another great English speaking commonwealth, and will only hope for constantly increasing sentiments of mutual esteem and constantly strengthening bonds of friendship between these two sovereign nations.

The Misadventures of Parrish.

AS Parrish, our corpulent and absent-minded bookkeeper told it next morning, the story, was not altogether devoid of humor.

"You all know," he began, "how I had to stay late fixing up a trial balance. It must have been fully twelve o'clock before I left the office. You also remember what kind of weather it was—sleet, snow, and all that. I was pretty well fixed out, and it did seem as though those everlasting columns of figures would never quit dancing up and down in my head. All the way over to my flat they kept it up, and, what with the cold and the figures, I knew it was no use trying to get any sleep just then. Now, the best thing in the world when you feel that way is a bath—hot or cold, according to whether it's winter or summer—and I sneaked upstairs quiet, thinking how nice and restful one would feel. Mrs. Parrish is a light sleeper, so I slipped into the bathroom, turned on the water, undressed, and it didn't take me very long to drop in. Great Scott, didn't it feel fine! I just lay back still and quiet and almost dozed off right there and then."

"Come, come," I said to myself, 'this will never do,' and I started to get up—only started, mind you, for then the awful part of the evening began. Not an inch could I move—stuck fast. I tried and tried to slay my shoulders around or get some sort of a purchase on the edge of the tub, but the sides were high and it was no go. Then I tried to push up with my elbows. You know how impossible it is to get a mustard plaster off your own back. Well, it was just like that. I did get a little place loose, but it felt as though the skin had come off with it."

"You can bet I was scared, but this was nothing to what happened afterwards."

"I told you I'd been thinking of figures and wondering how it was that things hadn't straightened themselves out, and—well, I can't explain it, but, somehow, in looking around the bathroom for something to help pry myself loose with, the place struck me as considerably changed. Our medicine closet hadn't any mirror; Mrs. Parrish never hung the towels on a rack like that—why, those were our towels; that was a 'C' marked on them. Good heaven! I got all hot and cold at once. It wasn't our bathroom. Then it came over me like a flash. Our flat was on the fourth floor. We'd only lived there a week, and our previous flat, where we'd been five years, was on the third. In my awful absent-mindedness I'd probably gone up two flights, and, without thinking, walked right in."



Sir Frederick Borden—When I get you fixed up, young fellow, you can roar like your Dad.

The keys just happened to fit. Same as it was in "Called Back," you remember.

"Now, if I was in a fix before, you can imagine what it was now, I simply had to get out. The new enamel seemed to get harder and harder all the time. They had put it on the day before, so I found out later, and while it was all right when I stepped in, the hot water had softened it."

"I must have lost my head here; for it struck me as a good scheme to pull out the plug with my toes. Of course, you can imagine the result. When all the hot water ran out the stuff got harder than ever—solidified, so to speak. Besides, it was cold—the janitor always let his fires get low at night—so I lay there and shivered, feeling more and more like a corpse in cold storage every minute."

"I suppose I must have made some noise, for the next thing on the programme was when I heard a window open with a bang and some woman letting off a volley of yells. I tried to shout some sort of an explanation, but she wouldn't even come to the door to hear my story, and kept on howling 'Thieves! Murder!' and every other thing that came into her silly head. I never did think much of that woman, anyway. She's the nervous, erratic kind, and I guess it's just as well her husband's on the road most of the time. If she was my wife I'd take to drink. Anyhow, they tell me she raised the entire block."

"Where is he?" in a man's voice was what I heard next. "Here you come out of there!"

"Then, 'Aw, yes, yer can tell all that to the Sergeant,' when I tried to explain. 'Are you comin' out of there or aren't yer, now?'"

"Well, there isn't much more to tell. He broke down the door, of course. Mrs. Clay let out another yelp when she saw my doubled-up figure in the tub, and McGrath just gave one pull and had me clear. He then helped me to dress. Why, I can't lean back in my chair now."

"It goes without saying that Mrs. Clay refused to believe my story (she managed to recognize me in time, so I wasn't carried off to the station-house), and said she knew I was drunk. Why, I had to do all kinds of stunts, regular round-about-the-rugged-rock-the-ragged-ran-ran sort of tests before I could change her opinion. Then there was the fiver it cost me to square myself with McGrath—he's the cop—and, on top of all that, didn't I meet Mrs. Parrish face to face on the landing. She'd heard the noise and come down to investigate."

"No, I'm not going into details of what was said then. Sometimes when the truth is too preposterous, you can tell some sort of a plausible fiction, but here I couldn't even do that. It was around 4 a.m. when Mrs. Parrish agreed to consider the matter closed, and I guess I'm safe as she didn't say a word when the reporters began dropping in about breakfast time."—H. Gerald Chapin in "Lippincott's Magazine."

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

(According to William Shakespeare and the Elizabethans.)

AFTER the several perversions of Shakespeare that we have witnessed this season, and the audacious attempts to render his plays scenically and otherwise "up-to-date," it is a pleasure to record a thorough-going Shakespearean performance of high order of excellence, such as the "Twelfth Night" now produced here by Miss Edythe Wynne Mathison and the splendid Greet company of players. There is simply a semi-circular platform provided with four exits and a curtained opening in the center for one change; and on this simple stage the players make their exits and their entrances and act this most joyous of the Shakespearean comedies, for acted it is, with minor exceptions, to the delight of everybody and the entire satisfaction of the critics. It is announced as an attempt to reproduce as far as possible the Elizabethan stage and such manner of presenting a play as obtained in those early days, before the stage had reached anything like its present development. In this way the performance is unique, as the Greet company productions have invariably been in this country.

A trumpeter announces the commencement of the play from a balcony in the rear, wherein the musicians sit in costume befitting the time and occasion. At this signal, two Beefeaters enter and take their places, standing one on each side of the stage, where they remain during the entire play. This is about all the paraphernalia or external agency, and the rest is in the hands of the players.

The programme informs us in this wise: "The present production has mainly an educational design, to attain something of the original literary or Shakespearean atmosphere by reviving as much of the Elizabethan style as is congruous to a modern theater; to exalt Shakespearean text above Shakespearean setting; to pursue a middle way between an antiquarian revival and the modern style of presenting a maximum of stage settings with a minimum of Shakespeare, etc., etc."

As a literary curiosity, then, we accept it, and appreciate the "educational" effort in our behalf, and further we believe (since Mr. Greet has suggested it) that "the play is the thing" and that Shakespeare's text is good enough without revision, amplification or modification; but, if the suggestion is that we go back, bag and baggage, to this early stage where Shakespeare's carpenters left it—well, we are not wholly convinced. God gave us Shakespeare and our wits have been at work ever since to build him a proper stage. In fact, when the drama touched perfection, as it did in Shakespeare, there was nothing left for us to do but the stage carpentering, and this we have done, perhaps overdone, from the Elizabethan standpoint, but done to perfection, nevertheless. We are much too prosperous to go back to early makeshifts, for makeshifts they were undoubtedly in those less profitable days of theatrical business. Nor does there seem any reason why the "Elizabethan atmosphere" requires that Olivia's garden, for instance, grow in a room in Orsino's palace, without any other change than the moving of a chair or table, or that a boxwood tree be improvised of a stage exit and a chenille curtain.

First of all it has completed the American triumph of Miss Mathison, if anything were needed to complete that triumph after "Everyman" and "Rosalind." The genius and perfection of her art were, of course, long ago recognized by discerning theatergoers all over this country. But, notwithstanding this, her friends here realized that another kind of opportunity was necessary to give her work the public recognition and acclaim it merited. Mr. Greet, of course, objects to the "starring" principle; that is, he stars no one but the manager, and for this reason Miss Mathison has in the official notices been no more than a private member of a certain organization called the Greet company. When the unfortunate illness of Miss Allen compelled the withdrawal of her "Twelfth Night" from the Knickerbocker, it was a peculiar delight to her friends that Miss Mathison was at length given the opportunity to shine as first magnitude "star" in the dramatic firmament of this America. That her Viola has added to her reputation and confirmed her position as the first Shakespearean actress of the English stage is unquestionable. The "Post," for instance, only expresses the general sentiment when it says that this part "is the best seen in this city since Adelaide Neilson's and perhaps ought to be placed even before that."

Miss Mathison as Viola or as Rosalind is a very own daughter of Shakespeare, begotten indeed of the "immortal bard," whatever else has intervened.

Temperamentally and intellectually, too, she seems endowed with all gifts and graces—a beautifully expressive face, and a most melodious voice, capable of infinite gradations and modulations, not as seductive as Bernhardt's, perhaps, but of wider range and more sacred tenderness. Personally I do not think the Viola has the infectious charm of her Rosalind, which you saw in the Pstors last summer. But then, Rosalind is not mourning a brother's death nor suffering the pangs of unrequited love, and this may make all the difference. Or it may be that she did not find an adequate response in her support, at times. Viola is very dependent on other characters, on Olivia, for instance, who in this case proved lamentably weak in a part that is almost as important as Viola's.

The comedy parts were admirably taken, Mr. Ben Field proving an excellent Sir Toby (though not equal to his Touchstone, perhaps), while Mr. John Crawley is Sir Andrew Aguecheek, touched the top note of perfection in his inimitable portraiture of this thin, dry, ingenious rascal of a degenerate peerage. I would walk a score of miles if necessary just to see Sir Andrew's face as it appeared in the "doorway" of the boxwood tree when Malvolio is occupying the stage.

And to be quite non-committal, the rendering was unique. Mr. Greet makes the steward a rather vulgar plebeian, instead of a foolishly dignified official consumed by his own vanities and ambitions. In his hands the character is simply clownish and buffooned until one wonders if he is not trying to share low comedy honors with Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. However, the performance as a whole will easily take front rank among all the Shakespearean performances seen in this country, and I hope you will have the privilege of enjoying it in Toronto, either as a pastoral or in one of the theaters. J. E. W.

Anecdotal.

In Syracuse the other day Adeline Patti told a reporter how she had recently been teaching music to a little American girl. "This little girl," she said, "is a delight. Her questions and answers are as entertaining as a comedy. The other day I was explaining to her the meaning of the signs 'f' and 'ff.' 'F,' I said, 'means forte. Now, if 'ff' means forte, what does 'f' mean?' 'Eighty,' said the little girl."

The "Bookman" has found an amusing thing in a French translation of one of President Roosevelt's books. Mr. Roosevelt had quoted the famous remark of Senator Ingalls to the effect that "in politics the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are an iridescent dream." To this quotation the French translator felt it necessary to append an explanatory foot-note, which reads as follows: "The Golden Rule: One of the aphorisms ascribed to Pythagoras."

Mark Twain and W. D. Howells were one day lunching in a cafe in New York. Two over-dressed young men entered, and the waiter in a loud voice: "Walter, bring me some bisque of lobster, a bottle of white wine and a chop. Just mention my name to the cook, too, so that everything will be done to my liking." The second young man said: "Bring me some sole with peas, and tell the cook who it's for." Mr. Twain gave his order a moment later. He said, with a wink at his companion: "Bring me a half-dozen oysters, and mention my name to each of them."

When Lady Constance Mackenzie, the English beauty, was in Texas, she accepted the invitation of a wealthy ranchman to visit him. He determined that her reception should be worthy of her fame and qualities, so he telegraphed his manager: "Lady Mackenzie coming to-morrow; make every preparation to treat her royally." The manager had never heard of Lady Mackenzie, but, as the business of the ranch was raising blooded horses, as well as cattle, he decided this must be a guest of importance. The next day with her party, and found all ready. A clean box stall, with abundance of fresh hay, awaited her.

Edward Atkinson of Boston, the noted economist, was talking about tricksters. "They who speak of trickery," he said, "have small minds. A trickster is a man who is not a trickster. They dupe others now and then, but they dupe themselves just as often. That man was, perhaps, a typical trickster who once bought a Brooklyn house. He had a heavy plank on his wagon, and he kept the plank there during the weighing of each load. Then, when the weighing was all over, and he was setting off for home, he said in great excitement to the friend who was with him: 'Say nothing, Bill; I shaved that fellow. I never saw the plank, but once. Keep steady. Say nothing.' And Bill indeed had a hard time to convince the foolish old fellow that he had bought from the railroad thirty pounds of plank twenty-six times."

Senator Hoar lately told an incident of his legal practice in connection with his remarks about the dangerous condition of the old Government printing office. "I am reminded," said he, "of something that happened in the Supreme Court of our State some years ago. They held court at Northampton, Mass., in an elevator which takes travelers up the side of a steep rock a hundred or two hundred feet to avoid the difficulty of climbing. The judges, as judges are said to be, were nearly all of them, rather corpulent men. Six or seven got into the elevator at once. They saw that the rope that held the car in which they went was very much frayed, and they asked the manager if he did not think it was a little unsafe. 'Yes,' the manager said, 'it is wholly unsafe and likely to break every minute. I have been coming to have a new one next Monday.'"

The St. James' Gazette adds this to the long list of Jewett stories already promised: Dean Farrar, soon after he went to St. Margaret's, Westminster, was dining at Professor Jewett's, and toward dessert took up the parable against Dives. The professor, higher and higher, he spread slanders around him, and he was heard thundering out: "What I complain of as a clergyman is that I have to do what no layman has to do. I have to beg and beg in vain. Fashionable ladies come to my church glittering with precious gems, and yet they will not sacrifice one diamond from their grand tiaras in order to save some erring sister from destruction." When he finished the silence grew sultry. All the hearers looked gloomily at their plates. Then Jewett, who had been looking at the lecturer, he meant mischief, squeaked out: "What I object to as a clergyman is that I have to exaggerate so!"

The last time he was in Washington Colonel William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," told the following: "A certain missionary once went among the members of the 'Wild West' show with the purpose of seeing to the morals of the Indians traveling with that aggregation. It appears that one day while the missionary was conversing with a group of redmen a cowboy called 'Buster Bill' joined the party. Thinking that this worthy's morals also would bear some looking after, the good man took occasion to ask the latter 'Buster Bill.' To him the missionary put a number of questions, the first of which was: 'Where were you born?' 'On Big River, near Butte,' replied 'Buster Bill.' 'Religious parents?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And what is your denomination?' 'My what?' 'Your denomination?' 'Oh, yes, I see. Why, Smith & Wesson!'"

The burning of Dartmouth Hall, at Hanover, N.H., is causing Dartmouth College graduates to recall the many good times they have had in the old building and the weekly oratorical exercises which were held in the auditorium or chapel. "I shall never forget one of those oratorical events," said a Dartmouth alumnus, "for we had played a trick on the president which he turned very cleverly on us. It was when Samuel C. Bartlett was president of the college, and he used to have charge of the flow of oratory and always occupied a seat on the platform. On this particular day the students had gathered in the chapel with a suspicious promptness and watched with eagerness as the president made his way to the platform. When he reached there he found a little jackass tied to the reading desk, which brayed loudly as President Bartlett approached. The students roared with laughter. The president never smiled, but, stepping to the front of the platform, he said: 'Will the brother of this animal, for whom it has just called so loudly, kindly step to the platform and claim his own.'"

Editor Gives the Reason Why He is Shouting the Praises of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cured His Dyspepsia when Everything Else Had Failed.

"Do you know Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets? I, the undersigned, know them as the best thing for dyspepsia. Every person suffering from the malady ought to use them, and I am sure he would be satisfied."

"ALPHONSE CARON."

The above clipping is from "Echo," published at Montreal, Que. It is the free-will tribute of Editor Caron to the remedy that rescued him from the miseries of dyspepsia. Asked as to why he voluntarily published this statement, Editor Caron said: "I suffered for many years from dyspepsia. I spent a great deal of money on different medicines, but without any success. An advertisement of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and the change they made in me was wonderful. I am completely cured."

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LADY GAY'S COLUMN

DID you ever think, as you looked into the glass face of a boy, that little girl in one of our huge shops, even if that face was cross and fretful, what she would do if her strength broke down and she was invalided, or if one of the many disease microbes selected her delicate form for his temporary browsing ground? I have often wondered about that, and when I miss a girl, I know I am always afraid to ask whether she has married or is entertaining a microbe. It is generally one or other. Having occasionally these thoughts, I was extremely interested in a new enterprise in the nature of a "sick benefit society" which is just beginning to be pushed by some experienced in such matters. It appeals very strongly to anyone who has the slightest sympathy for the weak and the woes of those myriad workers in great shops and factories. I trust no much-exasperated housekeeper will arise and exclaim: "What business has a woman to be a clerk?" That is such a selfish and narrow way of looking at life. Someone must work in shops and factories; the girls don't build them, nor tend the looms, nor the women workers, and if they find even a meagre subsistence there, under conditions which appeal to them as domestic service fails to do, this is no country, and no one has a right to object to each choosing the work she prefers. One hears weird tales of how the scanty wage of some poor girls is eked out—saddening if the stories of the womanhood being rubbed off in bold contact with the public, and more than saddening are sometimes the struggles of the well-principled girl to make her way. I must confess that, knowing what I do of the conditions in many crowded business places, I am amazed that girls endure them. Also, remarking the environment of excitement and a young "general," I am surprised at nothing she may choose in preference. Granted everything the capacious one may say, the fact remains that there are thousands of girls and women earning from, say three to ten dollars a week in shops and factories many of whom when their strength fails, pass agonized hours of apprehension and dismay because they have been unable to make suitable provision singly and unaided for this time of enforced inaction. A large, well-organized and reliable sick benefit society, which is a thrilling outlay of perhaps a dime a week, could be managed so as to allow the sick member about three dollars a week during her incapacity, with doctor and medicine provided gratis. I hope it goes!

This little true story came over the 'phone weeks ago. A certain Sunday school teacher was expatiating to her small boys upon the subject (and a picture) of the twelve apostles. There was a certain boy (each of you has a mind picture of him) who was greatly interested. "They were twelve famous men," concluded the teacher. "Which one is Gammy?" enquired the small boy. I think that is a very little bit of a prize for the best country-song—preferably one not as yet published. Several hundreds of varying quality, some really beautiful and worthy of high-class musicians have been received and garnered by my professor and his friends. What a quaint old concert they could arrange!

Isn't there a lot in that little personal pronoun "mine." It expresses the essence of devotion and the essence of selfishness, and it can be at once the most glorious and the most futile of words. It is the most glorious when it is the thing it confesses, and most futile when it asserts absolute claim. Just listen to the tone in which a patriot says "my country," full of pride, love and content. He has poured, for some mysterious reason, the treasure of his loyal love upon some acres of God's world which to him are sacred and cherished, and by right of which he calls it "mine." He never greatly values the patriotism of adopted

patriots, though it be true and loyal. One cannot expect exactly the same quality of affection from the child one selects from another's brood, no matter how perfect the affinity between the chosen and the choosers; one should have from one's own flesh and blood, no matter how wilful and perverse. Did you ever hear a young thing say as she clasped her first-born, "My baby"? And did you recognize the foreboding of devotion, the confession of inevitableness in that "my"—it's not the greedy way a man says "my wife," nor the blatant way a woman says "my diamonds," nor the self-exploiting way we all use that poor little giveaway personal pronoun. When one can call a thing "mine," one must have bought it by the prodigal expenditure of one's self, not of one's pocket. I spoke once to a famous artist of a famous picture as his. "It's my painting, not my picture," he said, laying a deft touch upon the canvas. "The picture belongs to the great of Greece; the wash is the Adriatic, and the brown eyes of a peasant girl who mended goats." And telling this to a poet whose songs we all know, he nodded. Just that, and the songs are not my songs, any more than that face in the mirror is yours. They are the voices of the wood and the water and the birds and the organ notes, and sometimes, almost believe it, the whisper wandering exquisite and untrammelled to me from the great Past of all." And he bowed his head.

It is like a voice from the Caucasus to hear the little Russian general, Kuropatkin, starting off to enthrone the warriors of the Czar with his ikons and charms and specially blessed relics. Kuropatkin has an unenviable reputation for hardness, but not my songs, any more than that face in the mirror is yours. They are the voices of the wood and the water and the birds and the organ notes, and sometimes, almost believe it, the whisper wandering exquisite and untrammelled to me from the great Past of all." And he bowed his head.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, except as noted, are not desired. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Your Friend—Thanks for hint conveyed with all the prim sweetness of your nature. I have seen the "Miss Mary" pose of a portion of the world for the simpler and more dignified attitude. However, one must be content to the former pernicious posture if anyone gets hurt. By-by, little woman, I've seen it, a scrap of it, every day. How ever, one may be mistaken; there may be two of you, and this is the best I can do for a nameless one.

Memo—Now, I call that premeditated wickedness. Here is a young person who writes "I have written some poems which I hope to add to some day." Take the advice of one who has been there, the well-principled girl to make her way. I must confess that, knowing what I do of the conditions in many crowded business places, I am amazed that girls endure them. Also, remarking the environment of excitement and a young "general," I am surprised at nothing she may choose in preference. Granted everything the capacious one may say, the fact remains that there are thousands of girls and women earning from, say three to ten dollars a week in shops and factories many of whom when their strength fails, pass agonized hours of apprehension and dismay because they have been unable to make suitable provision singly and unaided for this time of enforced inaction. A large, well-organized and reliable sick benefit society, which is a thrilling outlay of perhaps a dime a week, could be managed so as to allow the sick member about three dollars a week during her incapacity, with doctor and medicine provided gratis. I hope it goes!

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some humor, and much of the inspiration and brightness which your sign, "Sagittarius," always commands. It is a "fire" sign, and the fire should burn upwards. There is appreciation, imagination, good will, and decided ability in your lines. Thanks for your kind wishes. Alberta—For goodness sake, Alberta, why did you not mark your envelope "Special." In case, as has unfortunately happened, you have not done so, I am sorry to hear that your poor bridesmaid may have committed some blunder more than by a real disaster. Remember would have saved her. Did she run away with the bridegroom or say, "I will," when the bride hesitated over her answer? Judging from your writing you are not very tenacious nor an able writer. I should fancy you would ostensibly agree with people twice for once you asserted a contrary opinion. The instinct for peace that you make a good private secretary to the Rajah of Bhong. I hope you've seen the "Country Girl" and heard the song. You have some originality and a pose in which you rather fancy yourself. You are not very tenacious nor an able writer, but you may easily be quite intuitive. A nice taste and love of beauty, the sympathy fact and, generally, optimistic turn of mind, with considerable inspiration to soar, are among your traits.

Med.—Short-hand is indispensable in business, so if you are going in for office work you'll need it. How on earth, my lessons would benefit you? Do you think I can help you writing? They will probably lead you to expand your chest and irritate your lungs properly, which is a good thing, but, unless you have a voice, please note that the trick you are leaving out of my correspondence have of businesslike for private correspondence. It always gives me a slap when a girl begins, "Would kindly ask you to study my writing. Am a young woman," etc. Now, egotism is a bad fault, but the above dictation is worse. If the writer be a college student, business man, or some knight of the sample case I accept his brusqueness as a habit, but girls don't suit that brusque mode. Your writing is a perfectly correct copybook hand.

Pas du tout Jolie—This is a refined, delicate and clever hand, prone to idealize, very brightly perceptive, discreet, somewhat sensitive, and liable to be a

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capable and self-reliant administrator. It should be the writing of a person who values birth and holds fast to tradition. July 9 brings you under Cancer, the Crab, a water sign. Cancer people are an uncertain quantity. They are the paradoxical sort, very difficult to explain. There is a harmonious development, such as yours, is found among Cancer people, just to further puzzle students of influences. The superior intelligence which absorbs so readily any teaching is decidedly yours, and you should love your own and be devoted to home, though you may easily, if not at its head, make others uncomfortable. An ill-balanced Cancer always does, but then you are exceedingly well poised. Do not think too much of wealth nor overvalue appearances. "Tis a Cancer fault," a wise book says that Cancer people should not marry early in life and that the women are happiest single. Perhaps this is because of the well-known fickleness and unreliable tone of the Cancer person in matters of affection. The wise book says: "When they are unhappy in the marital relation they are not only the most wretched, but the most dangerous people in the world."


An Ignoramus—I am so sorry not to have come across you sooner. I cannot help thinking you underestimate your own worth. Presuming you are a woman, and accepting your frank statement as genuine, I fancy I could easily find what you want for you, but cannot tell you so unless I know something more about you, and certainly who you are. You see, I should not be able to do as you wish otherwise. You would, I fancy, require a resident teacher, and one of the necessary would not open negotiations with a stranger. If you still feel the need of assistance write me again. Do me whether you are living alone or have an establishment and whether a resident or visiting teacher is desired. The tone of your letter inspires respect and I shall be most pleased to be of service to you.

An Indoor Worker—Your thoughtful and interesting letter certainly did not "bother" me. The episode you refer to was exactly according to facts. It had to be, for the people are intimate friends of mine, and I was sure of their criticism. I never had that bete noir, the dishcloth. I never have I ever allowed my fingers to become intimate with greasy water. A long-handled scraper for the big platters and pots and small for china and glass with a wire ring scraper for extra bits of hardware is all one needs, with a drop of hot water and pearline to rinse them in after use. If I had to flourish a dishcloth I should board. The very notion of putting one's fingers in dishwater is nauseous to me. Not the daintiest chafing dish cookery could reconcile me to an after-dishcloth. "Poor old dishcloth, there a lesson tucked away in your folds?" you ask. Not for me, good sister.

Martha—April 29 brings you under Taurus, an earth sign, the first of the earth triplicity—Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn being the three. Your study is magnetic, imperative and full of courage and force. You are not deliberate nor always discreet, particularly in speech. Adaptability and some invention are shown, with impatience and idealism. As a keeper of secrets you would not be a shining success. You have some taste and good sense, but decision and a touch of artistic ability. There doesn't seem to be any moss growing on your foot, Taurus. Frankie—I fancy you are the sort of office clerk who would have a rose in a vase on her desk and cute pen boxes and racks and wipers about you. You are a Gemini child. June 13. Why was it careless of you to choose that date? Because of the 13? You are somewhat susceptible and open to the softer influences, but quite admirably discreet. I think you are quite to be trusted with a secret. There are moderate ambition and excellent temper suggested by your lines, with generally hopeful outlook. You are just logical and reasonable, not particularly intuitive, but gently practical. While the writing is quite able and rather clever in conception it lacks snap and vigor. You should be an easy person to get along with, for your June sign seems nicely harmonized.

Savage—No, my brave man, I cannot tell you the date of "real" spring for 1904. The latest chilling truth I've heard over the 'phone is that as the ice and snow will lie long in the north we shall likely have a cold spring and summer. I have, as you kindly trust, survived the cold, not only here but in your charming city, where I've just come. August 19 brings you under the fullest influence of Leo, a splendid sign for development. Your writing shows feeling, susceptibility, caution, not very dominant will, impulse, practical aim and a generally level and reasonable headpiece.

at the lodge. I'll come straight home as soon as it's over." (Kindly, but firmly): "If you can repeat the password, 'Six slim slick sappings,' distinctly when you come home from the lodge, John, the doorkeeper will admit you, and if you can't you needn't ring. You'll stay outside all night, my dear." John came home early.



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

They are simply delicious, and a perfect food. Plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL

The Ideal Spring Tonic

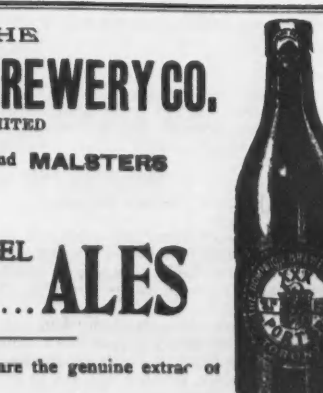
is O'KEEFE'S SPECIAL LAGER BEER. Just what you need to drive away "that tired feeling"—build up, nourish, strengthen the whole system. It's brewed of choicest hops and malt, and is absolutely pure. When ordering, insist on having

O'Keefe's Special Lager Beer

Snow White

as pure and as white as driven snow. There are no impurities or black specks in it—it is all salt. You hear this everywhere, "As pure and white as Windsor Salt—snow white."

Windsor Salt



Windsor Salt

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Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extra of Malt and Hops

"The Book Shop."

Engraving of Visiting Cards

Wedding Invitations and every kind of Society Stationery is a specialty here. Call and

Inspect Samples

Our expert work cannot fail to please you. Specimens mailed if you desire.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.
8 King Street West

John Fletcher-Brute.

JOHN FLETCHER lingered in the hall as he put on his overcoat. "I'm awfully sorry to leave you, dear, but I must get that deal through this week. Do try to take some rest! Your mother has been as bad as this a dozen times, and got all right again. Look at the time we were going to Mackinaw!"

"Somehow I'm nervous about her," said John, pale with her night's vigil. "This is the worst attack she has had for a long time. And she is so down-hearted. If we could only get her spirits up!"

"But, Mollie dear, she is always low-spirited when she is like this. Don't you worry. She'll be round again in a day or two. And you know, dear, if it's the Lord's will to take her we must submit to anything He sends." John in the role of spiritual comforter was quite a refreshing novelty.

"She seems a little stronger this morning, but insists that she is sinking fast. If there isn't any improvement by noon I shall send for Emily and Flora."

"Oh, I wouldn't do anything rash," said John hastily. "You might give them a shock, you know. Well, I must be off. I have to see those fellows at ten o'clock. And, by the way, it's likely I'll have to go to L— this afternoon; but I'll be back by noon to-morrow sure. It's a nuisance, but there's no way out of it."

John kissed his wife and hurried off to his work. His thoughts on the subject of relatives-in-law were interesting and varied just then. Mrs. Miller, his mother-in-law, had made her home with the Fletchers for a considerable time, during which she had been at death's door on an average three times a year. She assured her friends that she was suffering from heart trouble, and was liable to drop off at any moment. Various doctors had tried to convince her that her illness arose from indigestion, but it was a vain waste of words. And with strange perverseness, she always preferred to indulge in food that would be a tax upon the most healthy digestion. The result of this outraged Nature always insisted upon getting even, and Mrs. Miller would be quite ill for a while. Poor Mollie would have to stay with her mother's bedside, the little household would be upset for a time, and then Mrs. Miller would quickly recover, ready for another encounter with the Grim Destroyer.

Several times when John and Mollie had planned a pleasant little outing, and had everything in readiness for a trip to the seaside or Muskoka, old Mrs. Miller had almost invariably had an attack of fried bacon or lobster salad, and the contemplated excursion had to be postponed indefinitely. But this time the old lady seemed really worse than usual, and John began to get quite philosophical. Of course, the lives of old people were uncertain at the best, and at seventy-four one couldn't expect to live much longer. But the thought of Emily and Flora coming, Heavens! John contemplated a visit from them with dismay.

They were his wife's sisters, and resided at points about half a day's journey distant. Whenever they favored the Fletchers with a visit John always contrived if possible to have important business away from home. Emily was a woman of philanthropic tendencies. She was always trying to hatch out some scheme for the reformation of such fellows as John Fletcher, and wore the wistful sweet expression of a mother hen brooding over degenerate mankind. Her husband had been a sinner for years, but just as she had brought him to a proper degree of contrition, he delighted for this was always where the righteous cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.

Flora designated herself a "seeker after truth," which in common parlance meant a "person who follows after every fad." During one of her visits she had been deeply impressed with theosophy, and discoursed heavily on Mahatmas and astral bodies and reincarnation until John in desperation took refuge at his club. The next time Spiritualism was her theme, and she solemnly declared herself to be "mediumistic." As Flora weighed something over one hundred and eighty pounds, John laughed wickedly at the idea. Her last—mania, John called it—was Christian Science, and John said to himself that he knew she would be declaring harmony and mumbling mystic spells over everybody. Oh, he couldn't stand it, indeed! No wonder poor Tom (her husband) had taken an appointment in the East Indies "for his health." Some people had been mean enough to insinuate that he would never return. He would be a fool if he did, John thought.

Perhaps it will not be difficult to understand why Mrs. Miller preferred to make her home with her second daughter, Mollie. And the others were quite satisfied with the arrangement. They wrote her gushing letters at intervals, remembered her birthdays, and never failed at Christmas time to send her one of those pretty and inexpensive calendars which sound charmingly, and so cheaply—all up the gaps in one's Christmas giving. But whenever she hinted any intention of making them a visit they always got smoothly out of it with plausible excuses. Her uncertain state of health was too likely to interfere with Emily's philanthropic schemes or Flora's frantic struggles to discover and lay hold on the whyness of the thus.

What particularly exasperated John was the atmosphere of contemptuous pity with which these admirable women surrounded him. It was also somewhat conflicting in its nature. Emily looked upon him as an unregenerate man, whose soul was very far gone indeed, and who treated him as having no soul at all worth mentioning, throwing out hints about "soulless clouds" and "creatures void of the higher intelligence." John scarcely knew which point of view he resented most. But he fervently hoped that Mrs. Miller would soon recover without requiring the ministrations of her two superior daughters. There was no use borrowing trouble.

As John opened his office door he was humming a gay little tune, and spoke cheerfully to Miss Fenner, who had just arrived and was removing her hat, preparatory to taking her place at the typewriter. John looked at his watch. It wanted twenty minutes to ten. Dykes and Hay would be along, and the utmost privacy was necessary to make the big deal go through. With a few words he dismissed his clerk, too deeply engrossed in the business in hand to hear her precise thanks. He expected to make twenty thousand if he could get ahead of Jennings. Twenty thousand! What a haul! But just as he was about to get on his feet, the door opened and admitted two men. John carefully locked the door, and in a few minutes the "big deal" was under way. Dykes was fussy and cautious, and talked around the subject in hand until the others quite despaired of ever getting the scheme in shape. Just as Hay and Fletcher were using their most convincing arguments to make things clear they were interrupted by an imperative ring at the telephone. John remembered after a second or two that there was no one but himself to answer it. The bell rang again insistently. He went to the phone, but could

not at first make out what was the matter. Someone was speaking in broken accents. Then he made out the words "Just gone; all is over." In a second it flashed upon him that it was his wife's voice, and that she was sobbing. He knew then. Old Mrs. Miller was dead! He was stunned for a moment. Then he tried to say something, but could get no answer. He impatiently rang up his house, but there was no response. Behind his anxiety to communicate with his wife was this business with Dykes and Hay. He must settle that matter at once and defer his sympathy till another time. He went back to the office and was soon engrossed in business again. A few minutes more and things were shaping to a satisfactory conclusion. When his two colleagues rose to go he felt sure that the "big deal" would go through. Left to himself, he began to think of his wife and her bereavement. He would have to go to L— after all, and must take the train in half an hour. That meant that he would not be able to get home until next day. It seemed awfully heartless to go off and leave Mollie in all this trouble, but how could he help it? He felt that he should go home at once, but it was impossible. Sentiment was doubtless a very lovely thing, but sentiment to the tune of twenty thousand dollars was rather too expensive for him. He looked at his watch; he had just twenty-five minutes. He went to the telephone and tried to ring up his own house, but could get no response. Something must be wrong, but he could not stop to find out what it was. He must catch that train; he could telegraph when he got to L—. He called back at once, and was barely in time to board the last coach as the train was moving out.

When he reached L— it was five o'clock, and he rushed off to the meeting. After two hours spent in wrangling, during which he was lost to all sense of the flight of time, he hurried out to send his telegram to his wife and the one to each of her sisters. He thought it would be perhaps well to send one to Garland, the undertaker; it would make things easier for Mollie. Of course the funeral would be day after to-morrow. That would be Thursday. He would be home the next day in time to make all further arrangements. On his way back to the hotel he realized that he was done out. Then, by Jove! he had forgotten flowers! He must order a handsome pillow, the handsomest money could buy. He would order a pillow, or perhaps something else would be more appropriate. At any rate he knew flowers would please Mollie. When at last he retired to bed he was too excited to sleep.

In the meantime Mrs. Fletcher sat by her mother's bedside. The invalid lay apparently in a stupor; but at any attempt of Mollie's to leave the room she would wake up and ask for her. The doctor had been in and had given no expression of opinion. There was no change. About eight o'clock in the evening a telegram was handed to Mollie. It read: "Have wired Emily and Flora. Try to bear up. Will be home at noon sure, John." This was a puzzle, but Mollie dismissed the subject with the thought that John would explain.

All night long Mollie kept watch by her mother's side, administering nourishment and stimulants at regular intervals. Towards morning Mr. Miller appeared to rally. Her tardy digestion had at last taken the notion to resume its functions, and the old lady was on the road to recovery. Just as poor Mollie had sunk into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion she was awakened by the invalid calling for food. Mollie was delighted for this was always the welcome signal of recovery.

About nine o'clock Katie, the housemaid, came on tip-toe into the room and announced in a stage whisper that "lovely flowers had been sent for Mrs. Miller. Oh, such beautiful roses! The like she had never set eyes on! Mrs. Fletcher thought gratefully of the kindness that prompted such gifts. She was sure a sight of them would do her mother good. She told Katie she might bring them up. Presently a muffled sound of footsteps was heard on the stairs and subdued whispers. A procession composed of Katie, Tillie, the kitchen girl, and cook paused timidly on the threshold. When Mollie Fletcher saw what the John said to himself that he knew she would be declaring harmony and mumbling mystic spells over everybody. Oh, he couldn't stand it, indeed! No wonder poor Tom (her husband) had taken an appointment in the East Indies "for his health." Some people had been mean enough to insinuate that he would never return. He would be a fool if he did, John thought.

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blank astonishment gave place to feelings of relief, not rapturous but real, when he found Mrs. Miller still alive. The grim humor of the thing took hold on him, especially when he realized that Emily and Flora had come by his own summons. They were beside themselves with anger at what they were pleased to call his "heartless conduct." It was in vain that he tried to justify himself and explain about the crossed telephone wire. He put in a bad quarter of an hour, indeed, listening to their abuse and reproaches. "Brute" and "unfeeling wretch" were some of the mildest epithets they bestowed on him. They insisted upon taking dear mother out of the way of what looked very like a vile conspiracy. John was cheerfully callous under fire, and bore it all like a Stoic until they insinuated that poor Mollie had had a hand in it. Then he opened out, and told them a few plain truths that bruised their sensitive natures extremely. The victim of John's treachery was comfortably dozing upstairs, unconscious of all that was going on; but she was roused and prepared for a journey. While Emily and Flora were hastily packing her belongings John made a barbecue of floral tributes elaborate enough to have made any funeral the event of the season. Poor Mollie did not see the train depart. Nature had mercifully rendered her unconscious on the sofa. When at last John's ministrations were successful and Mollie had recovered sufficiently to be able to get up, she was told that they should leave for Europe in a day or two.

"A sea voyage is just what you need, my dear, and it is only fair Emily and Flora should see you off. I'll take you off your hands for a while. If they tire of each other as soon as usual, she will be home here again inside of three months." And so said ANNIE P. DOBIE.

Railroad Man Had His Trials

Engineer Rafferty Found Relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Was Run Down and Laid Up, and the Great Kidney Remedy Made Him Strong and Vigorous Again.

Winnipeg, Man., March 21.—(Special.)—One of the best known and most popular locomotive engineers running out of Winnipeg on the C.P.R. is Mr. Ben Rafferty, who lives at 175 Maple street. And Mr. Rafferty gives some advice to railway men that in these days of blockades and strikes and worry none can afford to overlook. That advice is "use Dodd's Kidney Pills." Mr. Rafferty says:

"Years of long runs on the railway have broken down my constitution. My back gave out entirely. Terrible sharp cutting pains would follow me another. I felt as if I were being sliced away piece by piece."

"I would come in from a run tired to death. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I got so bad I had to lay off work."

"After being laid up ten days I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first night after using them I slept soundly. In three days I was away from the bed I had worn for years, and now I have not the slightest pain in the back. I sleep soundly and wake up joyous and refreshed, and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it."

Gay Old Oliver.

OLIVER CROMWELL really ought not to be included in this series; but if we had left out of these articles all the things that ought not to have gone in there would have been a fairly large hole in this esteemed journal every week for some time past. Cromwell began life in quite a modest way, and by dint of industry and perseverance, and the liberal use of left-handers straight from the shoulder, he ultimately attained the top place in the crowd. Indeed, there was a time when his friends had an idea of making him king, but it was thought that the sense of humor of the English people wouldn't stretch far enough to enable them to see the joke. After the Puritans had fought till they were out of breath and all used up in order to get rid of the reigning king, they were hardly likely to appoint another directly afterwards.

In one time, when the Government cannot get a majority it has to take the shock with a good grace and frequently to express contrition for past errors. But Cromwell didn't believe in

that sort of thing. When he had anything definite to heave at the Opposition, he went down to the House with a few trusty musketeers, all of them dead-shots and experienced killers. These would be kept in the background while Cromwell got up and in suave and gentle accents asked the House to pass the measure now before it. If the Opposition showed signs of jeopardizing the prospects of the bill, Cromwell would beckon quietly to his musketeers, and then rise once more to address the House. Speaking in unemotional and fatherly language, he would then say that a bill that he brought in had got to be passed quickly and with no dashed nonsense, and any hon. member who was looking for trouble could have it in the neck at a moment's notice. In one historical occasion Cromwell consulted himself the Government all at once, and said he would be Parliament as well. Hurrying into the house with his soldiers, he pointed to the mace, which represents the authority of Parliament, and made the well-known and justly celebrated remark, "Take away that bauble!" As usual, the historians differ a little on the point. Some say that he merely suggested that the House of Parliament was no place for decorative jewelry, while others say that he never referred to it at all.

There is still another account, which says that Cromwell hurried into the House with his musketeers and rushed the Opposition off the premises. And as they were tumbling over each other to escape damage, Cromwell snatched up the mace and flung it after them, catching one of them so badly in the back that he had to go home and use Blake's Embrocation for a fortnight. But we scent the demon advertisement in this last account, and it is our invariable rule to severely discountenance the rule of the House of Commons to escape damage, Cromwell snatched up the mace and flung it after them, catching one of them so badly in the back that he had to go home and use Blake's Embrocation for a fortnight.

It was about Cromwell's time that we first come to hear of the Puritans, who have always been a very perplexing element of the human race. Generally speaking, it is understood that the Puritan is a better man than his fellow-creatures, because he says so himself. The common impression is that the Puritans never did anything wrong, and that they spent their time in reading good books and teaching themselves to scorn the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The Puritans are clearly visible to this day, as it is well known that America is a moral nation, to the world, more or less. History, however, seems to teach that the good and bad men are pretty evenly distributed through all classes of the community, and it doesn't follow that because you ram an emphatic remark home with a verse of Scripture that you're necessarily telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It will be observed from this remark that we ourselves have not much sympathy with parades of exaggerated virtue; and though our personal view is not likely to interest anybody, we could not miss such an excellent chance of banging it down on the counter.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Heart to Heart Talks.

By Eddie Willieboy Bock.

Dear Little Boys and Girls—How glad I am to be with you once more, and what a thrill it sends over me to note the genuine pleasure in your faces. You know, of course, that I am the only and original lad dith Editor in the land, and that my thoughts are all pure.

Always have pure thoughts, dear boys and girls, even if you cannot constantly have me with you as a personal conductor.

Pure thoughts are not always as easy as you think. Only by sending me a dollar a year and reading my advice can you hope to have a ladylike mind. But if I read your minds aright, not only do you wish to have pure thoughts, but also to know how to get along in the world. And this has always been my motto: As much as possible, and as many pure thoughts as possible to go with it.

This is the secret of success.

Perhaps you think my dears, that it is an easy thing to be as successful as I am, but try it and see. There are grafts and grafts, as you know. There is the Scotch graft of Mr. Carnegie, and the Christian Science graft of Mother Eddy, but the Nambypamby graft is

THE QUALITY NEVER VARIES.

Teacher's Highland Cream Scotch Whisky

George J. Foy, Agent, Toronto

A Special Train FOR YOU

CALIFORNIA

The Santa Fe will run two special trains to Los Angeles, leaving Chicago April 27 and 28, 1904, and Kansas City day following.

FOR GENERAL CONFERENCE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Officially endorsed by several State delegations.

Stops will be made at Albuquerque and Laguna in New Mexico, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, also Redlands and Riverside in California, affording opportunity to see unique Indian pueblos, earth's greatest scenic wonder, and two typical Southern California garden spots. Service Sunday at Grand Canyon.

You will travel on the cleanest railway in the West—oil-sprinkled tracks and oil-burning engines in Arizona and California. Shortest line, finest scenery, most comforts.

WRITE TODAY FOR METHODIST FOLDER. Tells all about this enjoyable trip. Berth space on these trains is limited; apply early.

F. T. HENDRY, General Agent, A.T. & S.F. Ry., 151 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

the toughest yet.

Sometimes, as I look around, my heart aches to think of the number of men and women in this country who are too intelligent to read the "Ladies' Home Journal."

But I do not dare cater to them, for fear I shall lose all the others.

And so, dear little ones, you see that I, too, have my trials. In the midst of my anxiety as to whether a druggist who works on Sunday can be a Christian, whether a young woman who has become engaged to a young man should allow him to take her to Thursday evening prayer meeting without a chaperon, whether the times are prosperous enough to allow of a receipt of more than two eggs to a custard for four, and whether a young boy of thirteen should be allowed to kiss a chorus girl under seventy years of age, I am constantly obliged to consider whether the nature of my advice is calculated to increase the circulation.

This is the main point, and one that has to be approached in a prayerful spirit.

In the meantime, my dear young friends, remember what I have said. Be pure, be intelligent, and be foxy, and if you cannot fool all the people all the time, you can fool some of them all the time, which is good enough for all practical purposes.—"Life."

A Piece of Woodwork.

Bright Boy—I'm a chip of the old block, ain't I, pa?

Fond Parent—Yes, my son.

Bright Boy—An' you're the head of the family, ain't you, pa?

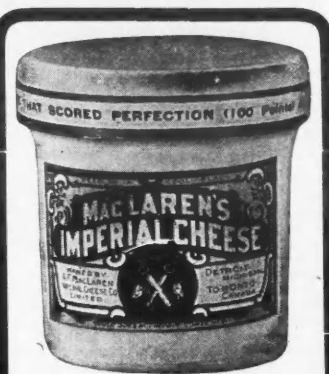
Fond Parent—Yes, my son.

Bright Boy—Then you're a blockhead, ain't you, pa?

A Danger Signal.

The man who has any predisposition to Consumption, Asthma or Bronchial Troubles of any kind should weigh himself frequently, because the very first and surest symptom of impending trouble is a decrease in weight. Consumption may or may not be curable, it is certainly preventable, because if the weight is maintained the disease cannot possibly gain a foothold. This is a well ascertained fact, and the way to maintain or increase the weight is fortunately just as well ascertained, viz., take

FERROL the moment any decrease in weight is noticed, and the waste will be repaired speedily and surely. Ferrol is the only perfect nutrient; it is pleasant and palatable and NEVER FAILS. At all Druggists. Write for sample to THE FERROL CO., Limited, TORONTO



There is health as well as pleasure in a jar of MacLaren's Imperial.

It is delightful in flavor and nourishing in quality; a luxury to the sick and easily digested by invalids. Every grocer sells it. Put up in opal jars.

The Wabash Rail Map and Folder.

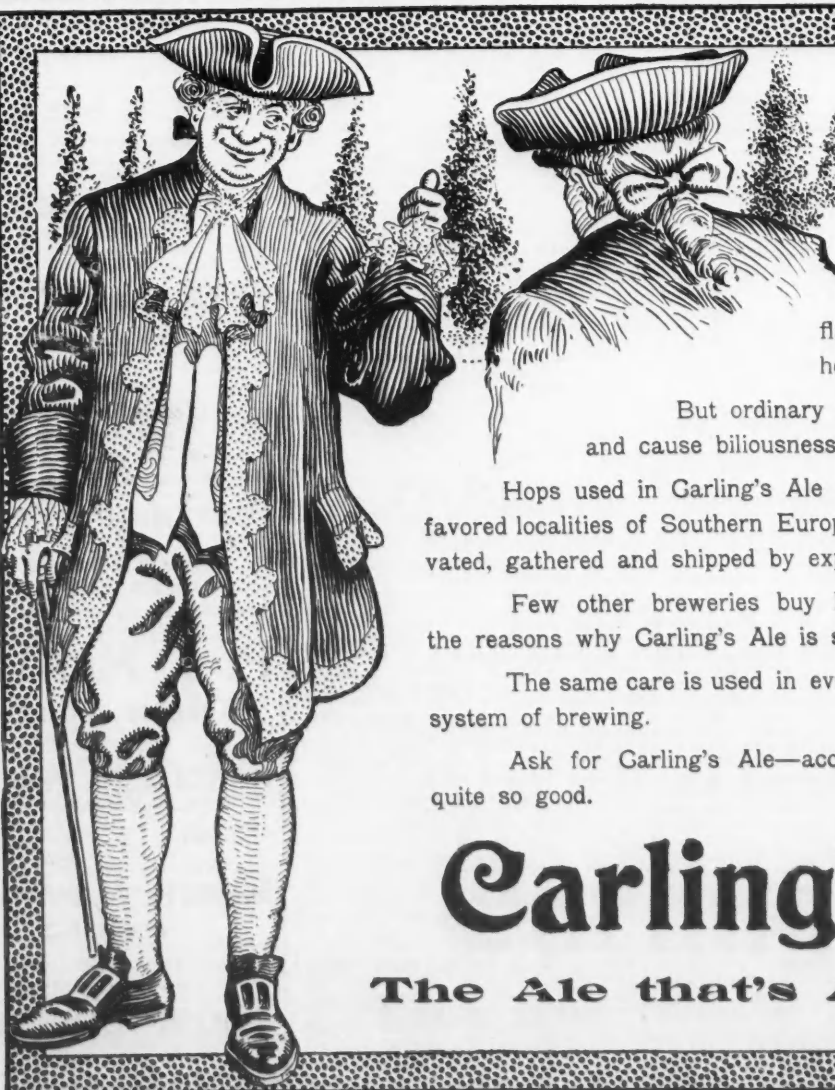
The Wabash Railway has issued a beautiful folder illustrating their route to the St. Louis Fair and some of the things to be seen at the fair. This enterprising road has also sent out a fine bird's-eye view of the buildings and grounds, which give the prospective visitor a splendid idea of the location of the various buildings. The folder contains just such information as the traveler will wish to secure, and those who contemplate the trip cannot do better than consult the Wabash. The Wabash is the only road having its own terminal at the grounds.

Evening Train to New York via New York Central Leaves 5.20 P.M.

Through sleeper to New York on evening train at 5.20 daily, via New York Central and dining car to Buffalo. Fare \$10.00.

Through Sleeper to New York.

Leaves Toronto daily, via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley at 8 p.m., arriving New York 9.15 a.m. Supper and breakfast are served in dining car attached to this train. Tickets and reservations at city ticket office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.



Hop Purity

Carling's Ale gets that light, palatable, appetite-producing flavor, so peculiarly its own, from hops.

But ordinary hops spoil ale—make it sour, dead, and cause biliousness to the consumer.

Hops used in Carling's Ale are grown in Oregon and certain favored localities of Southern Europe, particularly Bavaria—are cultivated, gathered and shipped by experts in the business.

Few other breweries buy hops from these countries—one of the reasons why Carling's Ale is superior to all others.

The same care is used in every operation of Carling's extended system of brewing.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure



The great sopranos of the world are at present very few in number, and there are no indications of any singers coming forward worthy to take their places. Unfortunately, not one of the famous prima donnas is young, and there is some danger that the people of Europe and America may be left for a time without even a single great soprano vocalist. The "divine" Patti, after giving a farewell tour in America at the age of sixty-one years, has returned to Europe, and will probably return into private life. Mme. Lehmann has already practically retired, and is devoting her time to teaching, and it is only a matter of a few years when Mme. Nordica and Mme. Sembrich will have to follow her example. Our own Canadian sopranos, Abigail Ingham, touring South Africa, but she, too, will soon have to abandon the concert platform. The youngest of the great sopranos is Melba, and next to her comes Mme. Nordica. Melba's voice is at present unimpaired, but there are not wanting signs that the vocal powers of Mme. Nordica are waning. This reflection was forced upon me at the concert on Friday evening of last week by Mme. Nordica at Massey Hall, an event which attracted a gathering of about three thousand people. Charming as telling as her voice still is, several of her notes seemed a trifle worn—a trifle thin compared with what they were a few years ago. Mme. Nordica is, however, so thoroughly satisfactory, so intelligent a singer, that her vocal powers will have to betray serious impairment before public favor deserts her. One can infer so much from the evident attention with which her recital of seventeen numbers was listened to on Friday, and the enthusiastic appreciation which every one of her songs received. Her versatility and catholic taste were convincingly displayed in a varied selection, which included German, French, Scotch, Italian and English songs. Nothing could have been more appealing to an English ear than her rendering of three songs by Hamond, of which "In the Month of May" was conspicuous for its joyous abandon, its springlike spirit, and "Cloud Shadows" for its refined and suggestive expression. The three French songs by Chaminade, Vidal and Weber were instinct with grace and finesse, and while in the German group the Schumann "Waldegespräch" was most impressively dramatic, both in vocal color and declamation, to say nothing of the beauty of the phrasing. The Scotch songs were charmingly rendered, and without any effort to make them obviously characteristic. "John Anderson, My Joe," was a tender, pathetic, unaffected little poem, and "Coming Thro' the Rye" a delightful ditty, daintily delivered, with a touch of feminine humor. Mme. Nordica's singing of "Brunhilde's Call," from Wagner's "Die Walküre," with which the programme closed, was a remarkable vocal feat. Sung by a woman, it had a strange thrilling cry of the Valkyrie would have been a series of shrieks; from Nordica there were always musical, even if starting, notes. During the evening the artist gave the rather conventional waltz song, "Mia Piccerella," by Gomez, and the Elizabeth aria from "Tannhäuser," the latter of which was most artistically interpreted. Mme. Nordica was recalled after every number, and in response to the demands of the audience, conceded a couple of extra numbers. She was ably accompanied on the piano by Mr. E. Romayne Simmons.

Richard Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" was produced for the first time in America on Monday evening at New York. The composer must surely be laughing in his sleeve at the public and the critics, who are according to the New York "Times"—he explained that it represents Papa, Mamma and Baby, and that the Scherzo is "like a playing of the father and mother with their child," and that its close pictures the child being washed and put to bed with a cradle song. Then the Adagio is devoted to a reverie of the father, followed by the emotional incident of the baby waking and crying, the movement closing with a dispute over the bringing up of the child, articulated through the medium of a double fugue. Finally we are told there comes an orchestral chaos, an incoherent tossing about of all the themes, apparently in every key, in every interlocking rhythm, and with an effect that can only be described as a bedlam of sound. The composer has evidently missed a few important episodes—he might have portrayed the cat sleeping before the kitchen fire, and have given up a part of a movement to the family washing. The whole conception of the symphony seems peculiar and trifling with music. But, as I have hinted, perhaps either the definition of the design or the music itself is a joke. The fact that there is a charming cradle song introduced will not make the scheme any less ridiculous than it is.

Since the opening of the new organ of the Metropolitan Church, the Sunday congregations have been overflowing, and hundreds have been unable to obtain admission. The music committee have made up their minds to give frequent organ recitals along days, in order to spread still further the fame of the instrument. It is said that they have a plan for introducing successively the most eminent organists of America, in addition to many representatives of the European schools. Mr. Le Mare will probably be given a second engagement, and Mr. Guilman, it is expected, will be brought here after his contract with the St. Louis Exhibition closes.

Adèle Hippis relates a new anecdote of Hans von Bulow in the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung." A lady said to him: "I have heard that you once publicly played a piece which you had never studied or played, but had simply memorized with your eyes." The eminent pianist replied: "Many foolish things are related about me, but this story happens to be true. I had promised a friend to play one of his compositions at my next concert, but had not been able to find time to play it over even once. I took the score along on a trip, and in the evening played it at the concert. This kind of study, first with the head, then with the fingers, and then with the eyes, is a method which should never travel without taking along a volume of music to peruse on the way."

The three works selected by the jury for the Sonzogno prize of \$10,000 are to be performed at Milan next May: "Domino Azzurro," by Franco de Venezia; "La Cenerentola," by Gabriel Dupont, and "Manuel Mendez," by Lorenzo Filippi. They will first be given on separate evenings in presence of the jury only; then they will be repeated coram

populo; and before the final verdict, all three on one evening. The performances will be under the direction of Maestro Campanini.

The recital given by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher on Tuesday evening was attended by an audience which completely filled the Music Hall of the Conservatory. An interesting programme, embracing the following numbers, was effectively carried out in the order given below: Chopin, Valse, A flat, op. 34, played by Miss Edith Penhall; Mendelssohn's "Duetto," Miss Florence Turner; Godard's "En Robur," Miss K. Poy Creehan; Chopin's "Nocturne," Miss Winnifred Hart; Chopin's "Bolero," Miss Madge Rodgers; Chopin's "Berceuse," Miss Martha Leschet; Chaminade's "Valse Caprice," Miss Edith S. Daffoe; Leschetitzky's "Souvenir d'Ischi," Miss Ethelene Fee; Liszt's "Rigoletto," Miss Dora Dowler; Schumann's "Kreisleriana," No. 2, and Rubinstein's "Staccato Etude," Miss Jessie Blinn. While all the players did their work in a most acceptable manner, special mention is made of Miss Blinn, who is already recognized as an accomplished pianist, and whose playing on this occasion was artistic and musical to a marked degree. The vocal numbers contributed by Miss Hazel Blachford, Miss Margaret George and Miss Elsie Craig, pupils of Mrs. Ryan-Burke, Mr. Pigott and Dr. Ham, lent a pleasing variety to the programme.

There was a large attendance at the rehearsal of the Toronto Festival Chorus on Tuesday evening last, and the chorus is doing well. The rehearsal was held at the home of Mrs. Ryan-Burke, and the chorus is doing well. The rehearsal was held at the home of Mrs. Ryan-Burke, and the chorus is doing well.

The Belleville Philharmonic Society gave a successful production of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" on Monday evening, the 17th inst., under the conductorship of Mr. V. P. Hunt. The local press speak in warm terms of praise of his work, as well as of the soloists, who, with the exception of Mr. Harry J. Fellows, tenor, of Buffalo, were local singers: Mrs. A. G. Parker, Mrs. Douglas White, Miss M. Vermilyea and Mr. Dan Cameron being all residents of Belleville and accomplished vocalists. Mrs. (Colone) Campbell, pianist, and Miss Laura in Voice organist, played the accompaniments artistically. The work of the society was greatly appreciated by a large and representative audience. Belleville is well up to date in musical matters, and the Philharmonic is doing good work in promoting the study of choral music in the city.

Miss Helen Hamilton has been engaged as soloist at McCaul Street Methodist Church.

A great deal of pleasant expectation has been aroused in musical circles in regard to the appearance here next Tuesday evening of Miss Gertrude Pappert, the distinguished English pianist. Miss Pappert will be warmly welcomed by a number of old friends in Toronto, among whom are Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. John I. Davidson and Mr. Albert Nordheim. Miss Pappert is described as a beautiful and most attractive young woman. She is the daughter of an artist, and when she started on her musical career in London, at which several Toronto young ladies attended.

Mme. Albert, the Canadian prima donna, who is now in South Africa, has cabled over to London accepting an engagement to sing at the great festival concert to be held on June 1st next in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace. The concert will be held on a colossal scale, the services of the London contingent of the Handel Festival Chorus and Orchestra having been enlisted. Miss Agnes Nicholls will specially return from America to sing, and Mr. Ben Davies has promised to get over to South Africa in time for the celebration.

Miss Cora Larkie, a pupil of Dr. Ham, has been appointed soprano soloist at the Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

The concert of the National Chorus in May promise to be successful, both artistically and financially. The subscribers lists close on April 1st, and the concert will be held on May 1st.

Mr. Allen Lowe, who about seventeen years ago was on the reporting staff of the Toronto "Star," and who in the city all the week in connection with the production of "The Isle of Spice," of which he is the principal author. The extravaganza is a promising essay for a comparative beginner. Mr. Lowe has not yet, however, mastered the technique of the stage, and in his next effort should endeavor to fabricate a more simple and obvious plot, and to write dialogue for the comedians in which the humor is franker and broader—that is if he wishes to win popular verdicts. Mr. Lowe is a clever and talented journalist, and he has a facile knack of writing easy-going lyrics. He has adaptability, and I have no doubt that he will be heard of in the near future in connection with more important productions. The music of "The Isle of Spice," which is mainly by Paul Schindler, is of a catchy, catchy, catchy kind, and lacking the indispensable quality of individuality. Mr. Schindler has been ingenious in working into his melodies the names of nationalities, and in the opening performance on Monday the reception of the evening was given to Miss Alice York, one of the chorus. The young lady was recognized as the daughter of Mr. E. J. Hill of this city, with the result that the songs and dances in which she appeared were encored five times each, and she was called to the front of the stage and presented with several handsome bouquets.

"The Three Little Maids," which the New York papers have pronounced the best English musical comedy that England has sent to America for many years, will be here on Monday at the

Princess Theater. One may expect, therefore, something exceptionally good in regard to the book and the music.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, a new organization, announced a series of Sunday sacred concerts in the Grand Opera House, commencing on March 27, conducted on proper lines. This is a movement which should prove popular with the public of Toronto. Such concerts are given in London by the National Sunday League Society, a society formed for the propagation of musical culture, under whose auspices most admirable performances are given by the leading orchestras and military bands, assisted by the most eminent artists. The following numbers will be given on Sunday evening: March, "Aida," Verdi; selection from Gounod's "Faust"; the "Dream Vision Fantasia," Lullie; Schubert's "Posthumous Symphony" and Gounod's "Mazurka," assisted by the following artists: Mr. Percy Coward, the male alto, late of Chapel Royal, Windsor; Mrs. Percy Coward, pianoforte; Mr. Al Miller, solo cornet; Mr. Francis H. Grallan, conductor. Silver collection at door.

An excellent production of Maunders' "The Cantata," presented by the "Peace," was given at St. Simon's Church last Sunday evening, under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choirman. The songs were sung by Miss Jeanette Drayton, Mr. Ralph Douglas and Mr. Graham. The ladies of the choir appeared for the first time in their new uniforms. The did work with done on the organ. The cantata will be repeated to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

The policy of importing foreign star conductors, as was the case with the New York Philharmonic Society, has proved so successful that it is likely to be repeated next year to a limited degree. It is proposed to retain three conductors for the direction of native American conductors.

The New York press, in their comments on the past opera season, speak in eulogistic terms of the "signa," whom they pronounce the best Italian conductor they have ever known in New York. A leader of ardent temperament and great musical skill, he is credited with inspiring the Metropolitan Orchestra to stirring expositions of "Tosca," "Bohème" and "Aida." Of the new tenor, Caruso, he has not the day of Jean de Reszke, it is said, but his voice is not so much the rhapsodic listener crowding images of richness and beauty—velvet, gold, the mellow sweetness of old violins. Near all the musical journalists proclaim that Calvé is deteriorating, and that in "Carmen" she plays the part in a diverting but most inartistic manner. The lady has said that it makes no difference what the critics say, and that her "so long as I continue to sing to crowded houses. But when the public begins to tire, when the audiences begin to grow smaller, I shall know that there is something wrong. I shall say to myself, 'Ma petite Calvé, it's time to go—la comedia è finita.'"

In her "Reminiscences of Hans von Bulow," printed in the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung," Adèle Hippis recalls the fact that the American tour of 1875 ended in the nervous prostration of that great pianist. For a year and a half he had to nurse his health before he could reappear in the concert hall. His eccentricities became more pronounced after his return. For a year and a half he had to nurse his health before he could reappear in the concert hall. His eccentricities became more pronounced after his return.

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Guild Hall on Monday evening, in aid of the gymnasium fund of the Y.W.C.G. CHERUBINO.

To be Dined in Proper Style.

The principal feature of the dining-room is, of course, the artistic display made by the cook on the dining-table. But the enjoyment of the evening meal may be greatly enhanced by having the dining-table properly lighted. The correct thing nowadays is the "art dome" electric fixture hung low over the table. Many of the latest designs are to be seen in the art showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company at 12 Adelaide street east.

A Burns Story

A story is told in Thornhill about Burns his capacity of excitement. Old Jean Davidson kept a small whisky shop, and was suspected of putting more fresh water into her liquor than was needful or lawful. Burns accordingly came with his apparatus, and at once detected the irregularity. "Now, Jean, ma woman," he said, "I can't take this to Dumfries this night; 'tis over late. But I'll seal it w' the King's seal, and return to lift it in the mornin'." When he had gone to his lodging Jean fetched the village cooper, who removed a hoop from the barrel and bored a hole through which the adulterated liquor was drawn off, and stuff of regulation strength poured in. When the hoop was refixed, and Jean, with a brave heart, awaited the gauger. In the morning up came Burns to claim the keg. "One minute, Mr. Burns," said Jean, sweetly, "Ye might jest test that whiskey to convince me since I canna see how I could have been makin' s'ch a mistake." "It means breaking the King's seal," said Burns, but I'll just fix on another." So the sample was taken and tested, and, of course, found to be all right. Burns was bewildered. "Was there aught wrang w' me, Jean, last night?" he asked. "Weel, Mr. Burns, 'tis na for me to say—weel, I just thocht ye were fully smert w' your wee tester."

Appreciated.

"Well, sir," said an old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing round here again? I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would have given you to understand that I don't care for you over much," and the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way. "It did," said the young man as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I thought I would come and ask you—"

A Game of Chance.

"Marriage," remarked the moralizer, "is a lottery."

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "but it's one of the games of chance that Cerymen do not try to discourage."

Cincinnati "Enquirer."

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Social and Personal.

The near approach of Easter is usually heralded by the reception of invitations to the Easter weddings, which this year seem to be few and far between. For various reasons Canadians prefer to wait for the later and more settled weather, when trousseau gowns may be frankly summery. However, a few Easter brides are on hand, and those who have money to burn or buy wedding gifts with are selecting something in anticipation of the unique shaped double envelope.

Mrs. James Burnham, who has been suffering from a long seclusion through illness, is now at Atlantic City, with her little son and a nurse. She will remain for some time, until her health is restored.

I hear that to-morrow the fine little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra is to receive her name, Victoria Isabel, and there will be christening doings in her honor.

The regimental bands of the city will give Saturday night concerts for the benefit of the South African Memorial Fund. The first is to be given to-night, in the Armouries, by the Band of the G.G.B.G.

The jolliest little dance imaginable was enjoyed by the forty-five or fifty young people who were guests of the ten male members of the Score Euchre Club on Monday night last. Among those present were Mrs. Trebelcock, Mrs. Welch, the Misses Prudence Fleming, E. Trebelcock, Yoda Browne, Pearl and Irene Rutley, May Clarke, Joy Stanbury, Nora Simpson, E. Davidson, Benson, R. Welch, Alice and Ada Arms, E. Henderson, J. Wickens, M. Miller and M. Douglas, and Messrs. Q. B. Henderson, J. E. Lawrence, A. H. Cox, W. R. Chenoweth, J. W. Mitchell, H. B. Scott, R. Mills, S. Mills, W. H. Arms, W. W. Barrett, the boys being C. W. Fleming, Bob Moody, Roy Van Vliet, N. B. Stark, P. Grand, H. J. Wickens, E. Yeigh, Otto Zeigler, Gordon Shaver, and A. G. Fleming.

An exhibition of handicraft and home industries has been on all the week in the Woman's Art Association rooms, in the Confederation Life Building. This is a habitation and Doukhobor work, and must not be confounded with the arts and crafts exhibition of next month.

I was very sorry to hear in Ottawa of the accident to Miss Jette Vickers' fine bit of bas relief, The Death of Tecumseh, which was smashed on its way to the Montreal exhibition of the Canadian Society of Artists. However, the damage was repaired in time for the opening, and many compliments were paid Miss Vickers for her very clever work.

Mr. C. McLean Stinson and Mrs. Stinson are spending a few weeks in Atlantic City.

Even to those who know little of the privations and endurance of the deep-sea fishermen of Newfoundland, any scheme to ameliorate the hardships of their lives and succor them in illness or accident should strongly appeal. The primitive hospital now in course of completion on the north shore of Newfoundland is one of the honest calls upon the means of effete inlanders which by its simple need should open many a pocket. The islanders have heavy the logs and reared the frame, and need greatly the help to furnish it very plainly for the reception of the ill or injured men who snatch their harvest from the sea. From the knowledge I can assure my readers that these fearless fellows need the hospital with a need scarcely to be depicted in print. Miss Greenhills of Elmley place is the secretary-treasurer, and will forward contributions to Newfoundland. Last Tuesday a tea was given, with some nice music, in Mr. Steele's studio, in aid of the hospital furnishing fund, at which, among others, Miss Kathleen O'Hara, one of Mr. Steele's pupils, sang most charmingly, and at which a nice little sum was realized.

Monsieur E. Fabre, Surveyor of Montreal, whose abilities have been proven here as well as in his native city, arrived in town on Saturday and lectured before the Alliance Francaise in the evening. His lecture was full of interest, and his attractive presence, perfect accent and sincerity are always delightful. Monsieur Surveyer returned to Montreal on Sunday.

Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere are enjoying their visit in Paris greatly. Sundry of the new French picture postal cards assure their friends of their welfare.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones entertained at dinner on one evening this week.

Miss Grace Lowry of Quebec is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, in Elm avenue.

The marriage of Miss Pansy Rathbun of Deseronto and Mr. H. V. F. Jones of London, Eng., is arranged to take place early in June.

Mr. Pack and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Pack sailed for England on Saturday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Otta Colby, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Colby of Wilton avenue, to Mr. Thomas Bell of Montreal. The wedding will take place early in May.

Mrs. Chadwick and her guest, Mrs. Smith of Stratford, are at the Welland, St. Catharines.

On Thursday of last week—St. Patrick's Day—Miss Isalen Ogden gave a pretty tea for her cousin, Miss Roscoe, who is out on a visit from England. Mrs. Jackson matronized the tea and Miss Breda Ogden assisted. At the table were Miss Jackson and Miss Dora Ridout. Some of those who had the pleasure of meeting Miss Roscoe were Miss Gzowski, Miss Cattanaeh, the Misses Nordheimer, the Misses Hagarty, the Misses Street, Miss Harriet Cassel, the Misses Keating, Miss Warren, Miss Kerr, Miss Phillips.

Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton and her young son were down for the Nocturnal concert. Among the audience almost every Ontario city was represented, and at least three capitals of the continent.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr of Rathnelly, whose long and trying illness dates back to the night of the Skating Club's carnival, is now convalescing at Lakeside, where the Senator took her a few days ago, and whence all hope she may return quite well.

Mrs. H. Studdert Evans has gone to Rangoon, India, to rejoin her husband.

An Unreasonable Demand.

Passenger—Why don't you pronounce the names of the stations as they can understand them?
Brakeman—What do you expect for thirty dollars a month—a college professor?

The Eddy Recital.

Extracts from the foreign press regarding Clarence Eddy, the eminent organist, who gives a recital in the Metropolitan Church Good Friday evening.

In speaking of his work the great German master, Herr August Haupt, said: "In organ playing the performances of Mr. Eddy are worthy to be designated as eminent, and he is undoubtedly the peer of any of the greatest living organists." This opinion has been endorsed by M. Alexandre Guilmant, the famous French organist, and Signor Sgambati, who stands pre-eminent among Italian virtuosi, said: "He is one of the greatest artists of the present epoch."

Mr. Eddy has been enthusiastically received by the musical public of Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Rome, and other European cities; and the press have uniformly recognized his performances as those of a master.

"A great master of his instrument,"—Observer, November 16, 1902.

"Is a performer of very conspicuous ability,"—Daily Telegraph.

"His technical powers are beyond criticism,"—Times, November 17, 1902.

"Mr. Clarence Eddy had no difficulty in proving himself a master of his instrument,"—Morning Post, November 17, 1902.

Mr. R. J. Conlan of Messrs. Conlan Brothers left for Ottawa last night to complete arrangements in connection with their wallpaper studio, which will be opened to their patrons and the public in the "Saturday Night" Building, 26 and 28 Adelaide street west, on Monday April 4.

Smiles.

There are smiles and smiles. It seems remarkable that within the brief limits of a face there should be such a variety of meanings.

A hair's breadth separates the smile of the pretty girl who accepts her suit-or and the smile of the same girl when she rejects him.

Yet to him there is all the difference in the world. The majority of smiles are insincere. When they are sincere they are apt to lose their identity at once and break into laughter.

Women, of course, have the monopoly of smiles. They carry all kinds of smiles with them, like concealed weapons, ready to spring one upon you at a moment's notice.

Woman, when she is saying some cruel thing, always does it with a smile. Not only does it help to square her with herself, but it makes it go home better.

Smiles are indispensable in crises. When a man tells us a story of which we do not see the point, we may smile at it securely. If it so happen that the point has not yet been arrived at, our smile may be only one of anticipation; and if there really is a point, it may be only our quiet way of expressing the most intense amusement. The smile lets us out in either case.

The smile of conscious superiority is practised by people who have more brains than money, people who have been misunderstood, heroines at bay, villains in disguise, husbands who have been caught in a lie and are trying to throw a bluff, cooks when they leave, and ticket agents when they smile at all.

The satirical smile is used by widows and orphans who have been silenced by their guardians, heavy villains, star boarders at meals, custom house officials, editors, wives of the breakfast-table, and lovers during quarrels.

The common smile is used to conceal the real feelings by everybody. It is one of the greatest weapons of defence known. It has saved many a life.

As for the genuine smile, it is rare in all climates. It is used by men when they sit down to the right kind of a meal, by women when their husbands present them with cheques and diamonds, and by very young babies. Otherwise it is almost unknown.—Tom Maeson in "Puck."

News Vendor (pushing the sale of the balance of his stock recklessly)—"Ere ye are, latest nooies! Peru been declared war ag'in' Greece; King Edward 'it the Hammerman ambassador in the eye; international conglomeration at any moment; Lord 'Opetoun burnt to the ground; an' drowned; an' run away with a ballet-girl; 'orror at Battersea; 'orror at Horsey; 'orror in Hyde Park. (Desperately, as the tram begins to move.) Appallin' 'orror in Russia an' Germany an' everywhere else. (Tram goes.) I expect half o' you can't read, an' the rest o' you ain't got a ha'penny.—Glasgow "Times."

Pearl—I think Mr. Harden is awful—he tells such lies. Do you know, he said I was dying to get married, and would jump at the first chance that came along! Elvira—Yes, but what makes you think he lies?

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Take Your Stand for Health.

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Morning service at eleven o'clock, preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M. A., subject, "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal." Evening services at seven o'clock, an illustrated lecture by the pastor, subject "Christ as Art." A cordial invitation extended to all—seats free. Unitarian literature may be had free on application to Mrs. Thompson, 308 Jarvis Street.

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The Girl With the Banjo.

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"Rock-a-by baby, in the tree top—"
Boston Baby—Excuse me, madam, but I consider arboreal oscillation extremely dangerous.—E.S.

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Knicker—They say the elephant is gentle, docile, and easily trained.

Mrs. Knicker—I know, but our kitchen would be too small.

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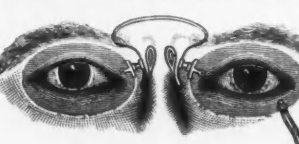
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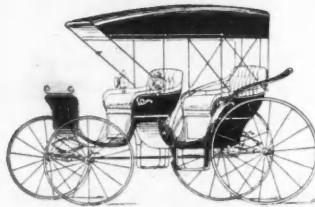
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Important Auction Sales NEXT WEEK
Monday next, March 28th

At 11 o'clock sharp.

75 BUSH HORSES

Weighing 1,400 to 1,600 pounds each, direct from the lumber woods, being stock of the

Estate of the Late Ed. Hall, Esq.
The horses are in splendid working condition, and the most valuable consignment of lumbering horses we have yet offered. All without the slightest reserve.

Tuesday next, March 29
At 11 o'clock sharp.

90 HORSES

All classes, consigned by various owners.

Wednesday next, Mar. 30
At 2 o'clock.

Important Sale Registered Clydesdale Fillies

Comprising two-year-olds and yearlings of the purest and best prize-winning blood in the world. Consigned by Mr. Douglas H. Grand, Beckenbun, Kent, England. Catalogues now ready.

ON Thursday next, March 31
At 10.30 a.m. sharp.

SIXTY NEW CARRIAGES

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The above carriages are now on view at the Repository, and may be inspected by intending purchasers up to time of sale.

In addition to the above valuable stock we will sell on the same day a

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lately the property of Mr. W. F. Baillie, consisting of 3 horses, 1 nearly new Victoria, rubber tires, very light, modern design, by S. Brown; 1 handsome nearly new "Cart" rubber tires, by S. Brown; cut-under Runabout, rubber tires, in fine condition; basket-seat Runabout, rubber tires, in good order; 2 sets brass-mounted double Carriage Harness; 2 sets rubber-mounted Double Light Driving Harness; 1 set single brass-mounted Carriage harness; 1 set Single Rubber-mounted Road Harness; ladies' and gentlemen's saddles and bridles; 1 Russian Dog-cart Sleigh; 4 Musk-ox Robes; 1 Bear Robe. Also Rugs, Blankets, Bells, extra poles, stable utensils, etc., etc.

The horses are described as follows: "Quiller," brown gelding, 7 years, 15.3 hands, sound, a reliable lady's riding and driving horse that is unquestionably the most cheerful, absolutely safe, and highly-bred combination horse we have offered in months, winner of a number of prizes in combination classes at the Horse Show, and in excellent condition for immediate use.

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Is Mrs. Eddy Related to Sapphira.

THE letter printed below should be of interest to the disciples of the American prophetess, Mrs. Eddy, and perhaps, not to the disciples only. In November last the "Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia, U.S.A., published an article entitled "Mrs. Eddy as She Really Is." By Oscar L. Stevens. The article was preceded by the following announcement:

"The writing of this article and the making of the illustrations on the opposite page were done with the special permission of Mrs. Eddy, and both pages, having been seen by her in proof, received her full approval."

In the course of the article appeared the following paragraph:
"Among Mrs. Eddy's ancestors was Sir John MacNeill, a Scotch knight, prominent in British politics and ambassador to Persia. Her great-grand father was the Right Honorable Sir John MacNeill of Edinburgh, Scotland. Mrs. Eddy is the only survivor of her father's family, which bore the coat-of-arms of the ancient MacNeils. The motto is 'Vincere aut Mori' (Conquer or Die), surrounding the shield, as the coat of arms of a heavy wreath is the motto of the Order of the Bath, 'Tri Juncta in Uno' (Three Joined in One). To these family traditions Mrs. Eddy has but one heir by her first husband, Colonel George Washington Glover of Charleston, South Carolina."

These quotations will make the significance of the following letter perfectly clear:

"7 Albany terrace, Aberdeen, February 24, 1904."

"Sir—I shall be glad if you think this untruth, contained in the enclosed article, suitable for correction in your paper."

"I am the only married grandchild of the late Right Hon. Sir John MacNeill, G.C.B., of Edinburgh, 'who was prominent in British politics and ambassador to Persia,' and Mrs. Eddy is certainly not my daughter."

"My mother, Margaret Feroza McNeill, was the only child of his who reached maturity, though he was three times married; she married my father, Duncan Stewart, R.N., now captain, retired, and died in 1871. Of her six children, one died unmarried three years ago, five survive, of whom four are unmarried."

"I am the wife of Commander N. G. Macalister, R.N., who is at present inspecting officer of coastguard for Aberdeen division. Yours faithfully, 'Florence Macalister.'"

"P. S.—I wrote to the editor of the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' Philadelphia, asking him to publish a correction, and I sent a copy of the letter to Mrs. Eddy herself. She did not reply at all, and he excused himself from publishing it, on the ground that the correction could not appear for five months. Part of the article has been copied into a Dundee paper, and probably into others also.—F. M."

It is not unworthy of note that Mrs. Eddy—who read proofs of the article in the Philadelphia "Ladies' Home Journal"—failed to detect the misspelling of the name of the family of which she claims to be the last representative, which is not surprising in view of what Mrs. Macalister now states. The next word on this matter clearly lies with Mrs. Eddy. The statement has been published—as the Philadelphia Journal asserts, with her knowledge and full approval—that she is the great-granddaughter of Sir John MacNeill, and the only survivor of the family. On the strength of this she has adopted the motto of the family, apparently combined with that of the Order of the Bath, and she proposes to bequeath the family traditions, apparently with the coat of arms, to her son. Yet we are told by one of Sir John MacNeill's grandchildren that the whole story is absolutely false.

Those who are familiar with the Jargon of "Christian Science" will remember that in its disease is described as "a false claim." Unpleasant though it is to think such a thing of the Founder of the Faith, it looks as if Mrs. Eddy is suffering from a disease which takes the form of a false claim to be the last survivor of a family with which she has no connection. It may have been a consciousness of this which prevented the prophetess from answering Mrs. Macalister's letter. Possibly she is now endeavoring to cure herself of the "false claim," and as soon as the cure is effected she will explain to the world that she has been under a delusion about her parentage. As, however, the false claim seems to be rather a serious one, it might be as well if some thoroughly proficient Christian Scientist were called in to treat the prophetess without delay.—London "Truth."

A Brave Sailor.

Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, who commands the British fleet in the Chinese seas, is one of the best trusted of our naval commanders, and has had more than one opportunity of showing the stuff of which he is made. Sir Gerard was second in command in the Mediterranean during the war between Turkey and Greece—a very delicate and onerous post. It was in the Mediterranean, too, that he experienced one of the most terrible half hours of his whole life.

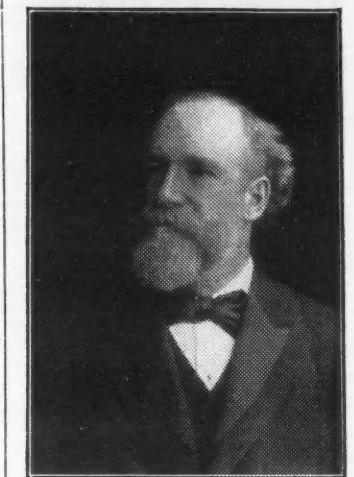
It was on a day when the fleet was cruising off the Syrian coast; the sun shined on the sea, the shadow of Lebanon lengthening as the light crept westward. Admiral Tryon, in the Victoria, headed the one line; the Carpendown led the other. Noel, in the Nile, followed the Victoria, while the Edinburgh, under Admiral Brackenbury, followed the Carpendown. Suddenly the fatal signal was made from the flagship—the signal which, if followed out, meant death and destruction, not only to the leading ships, but to the whole fleet. Immediately Noel grasped the situation. By a wonderful combination of presence of mind and naval knowledge he contrived to avert further catastrophe. The leading ships smashed together; the Nile and the Edinburgh drew clear.

Half our heroes never wear the laurels that they win; perhaps not half their heroism is ever heard of by the world at all. On board the Victoria on that fatal day was a young signalman from a Midland town, Forester Archer by name. He had been rather a scapegrace at home, and the parson and the parish breathed more freely when he was safely off to sea. He was on duty close to the admiral when the awful truth came home to Tyron's brain that the Victoria was doomed, and by his own resolve. For a moment he stood there, dazed. Then he turned to his signalman. "Boats of the fleet to the rescue; everyone for himself!" was the order now.

The huge ship had reeled under the blow of the Carpendown's ram; she shuddered and throbbed as the seconds passed which were to hurl her, a broken thing, into the air, and then beneath the sea. Two men stood quietly, and faced the certain and swift death: the admiral and Forester Archer! The explosion came. The stern rose high, the mighty screw still thrashing round. "God only knows how it was done!"

afterwards wrote a marine on board the Nile. "The water was surging over the bridge, but still the flags went flapping up the halliards, spelling out the signal, 'To the rescue!'—flapping steadily up and up in the very moment when the ship went down."

That was how a hero died—doing his duty in the very jaws of death. And not until now has the story been publicly told, or a laurel-leaf been thrown on the blue waves which cover the spot where Archer chose rather to do his duty than to seek to save his life.



CLARENCE EDDY, who will be at the Metropolitan Church Good Friday evening.

Kits in Turkey.

A Highland correspondent writes to us in a tone of exultant gratification. Hastened with dignity and reserve. The Sultan of Turkey, so the letter states, has ordered, through his ambassador at the court of St. James's, Highland uniforms in which to clothe the palace guards at the Yildiz Kiosk and the personal bodyguard of the sovereign.

Long ago, as far back as the days of the Crimean War the Kilts of the Highland Brigade made an impression on Turkish imaginations. At first the plaids and "petticoats," the swinging sporrans and feathered bonnets, bewildered the Sultan's soldiers. Who and what could these nondescript creatures be? The servants of Omar Pasha decided among themselves that they must be the wives of the Guards, and pictures actually appeared in Constantinople shops of a sergeant of the Coldstream in bearskin and tunic side by side with a Seaforth Highlander. "British Soldier and his Amazon Wife," was the legend printed under this remarkable production.

We ourselves are quite ready to applaud the Sultan's decision. If he wishes for a brilliant and distinctive uniform he cannot do better than copy the garb of old Gaul. The famous dress of the Papal Guard, designed, it is said, by Michael Angelo, is distinctive enough in its violent hues of scarlet, black, and yellow patched about the bodies and limbs of the brawny Swissers who wait at the doors and in the halls of the Vatican. But the effect is bizarre in the extreme, and the dress has little to be recommended it beyond its undoubted picturesqueness.

One thing the Sultan should consider, and that is the proper "mounting" of the garments. It is not everybody who knows how a kilt should be fastened, how a plaid should be folded, or even how a bonnet should be "cocked." Five or six of his Mohammedan Majesty's dark-eyed, gentle-faced warriors ought to be sent over to Scotland, say to Oban or to Perth, for a proper training in the art of wearing the numerous and somewhat bewildering habiliments so dear to the sons of MacAlpin and Kintail.

Good Boys.

Mrs. Wackum—How did that naughty boy of yours get that head-ache?
Mrs. Snapper—That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick.—"Tit-Bits."

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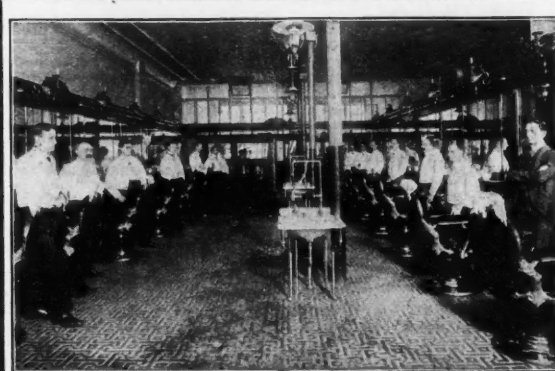
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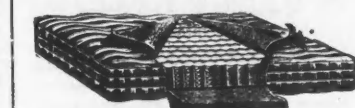
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On April 8 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington and return, in connection with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, good going on all regular trains on that date, and good to return within ten days, at rate of \$10 from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. These tickets will be good to stop off at Philadelphia on return trip. Through trains to Washington leave Exchange Street Station, Buffalo, at 9 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. For further particulars apply to B. P. Fraser, passenger agent Buffalo District, 307 Main Street, Elliott square, Buffalo, N.Y.

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Oysters appear to be inspiring a little more confidence than they have done for many months, but whenever they are served the cry of "off with their beards" is heard. The first restaurant which announces that, as a final and indisputable assurance of purity, every oyster served will be carefully shaved, will experience an immediate revival of business.—"Court Journal."

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Births

Macdonald—March 16, Toronto, Mrs. Chas. S. Macdonald, a son.
Child—March 16, Gravenhurst, Mrs. Frank Child, a daughter.
Evans—March 19, Toronto, Mrs. F. P. Evans, a son.
Boyd—March 21, Toronto, Mrs. Lawrence Boyd, a daughter.
Jones—March 22, Waterloo, Mrs. Arthur Jones, a son.
Ross—March 19, Clayton, Mrs. W. J. Ross, a son.

Marriages

More—Wilcox—March 16, Toronto, Effie May Wilcox to William Arthur More.
Cashman—Cornell—March 15, Toronto, Annie Louisa Cornell to George Cashman.
Freck—Gibson—March 23, Barrie, Mrs. R. Gibson to William Freck.

Deaths

Dwight—March 17, Winnipeg, Lyman Dwight, aged thirty-nine years.
Powell—March 17, Cobourg, Orrin Wentworth Powell, aged eighty-four years.
Paterson—March 18, Toronto, Harold John Paterson, aged twenty years.
Watts—March 20, Hamilton, James A. Watts, aged sixty-two years.
Neelon—March 19, St. Catharines, Mary A. Neelon, aged sixty-two years.
Pearson—March 19, Newmarket, James J. Pearson, aged seventy-five years.
Walker—March 20, Belleville, Caroline Walker, aged seventy-six years.
Carruthers—March 22, Toronto, Jane Freeman Carruthers, aged fifty-six years.

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